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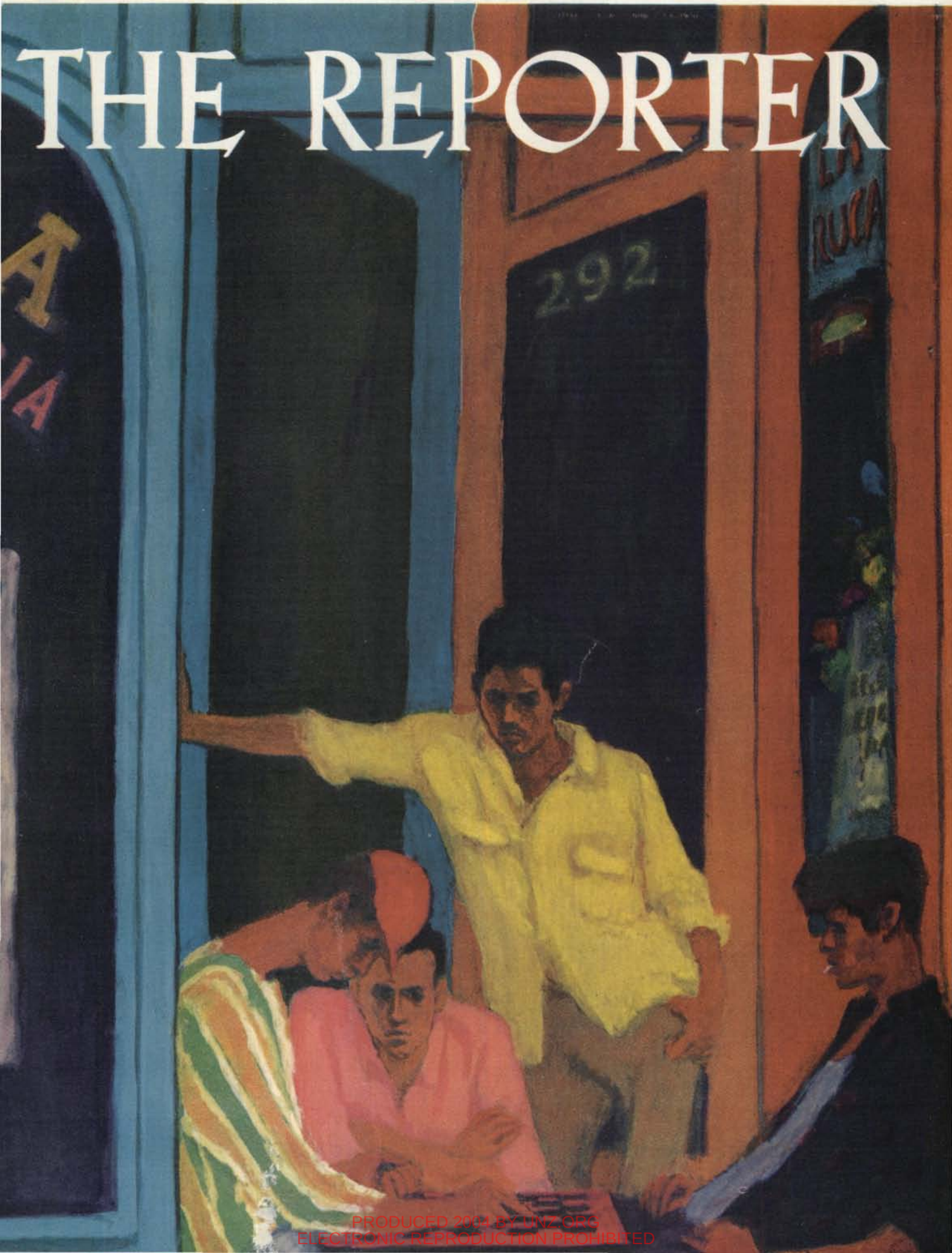

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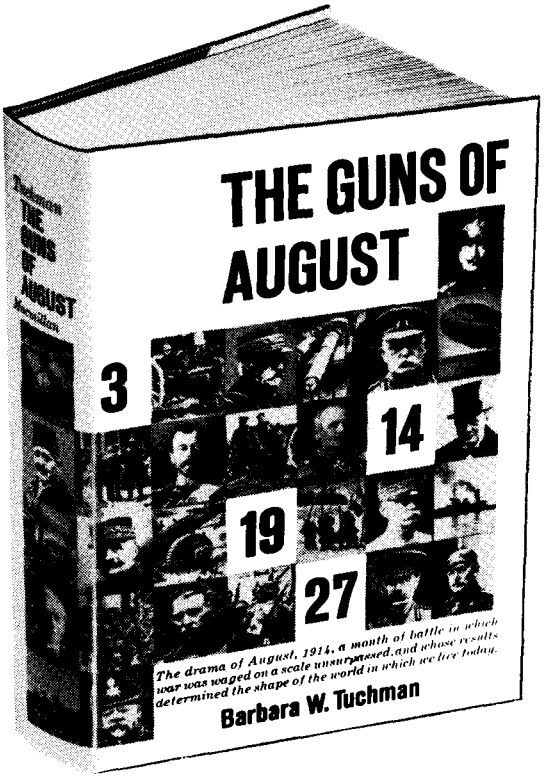
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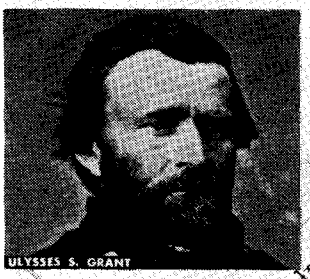
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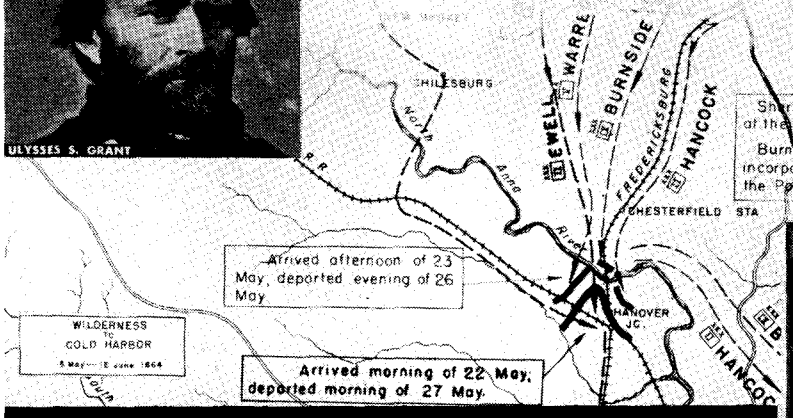
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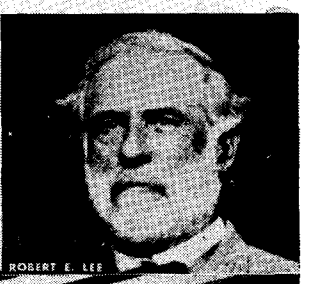
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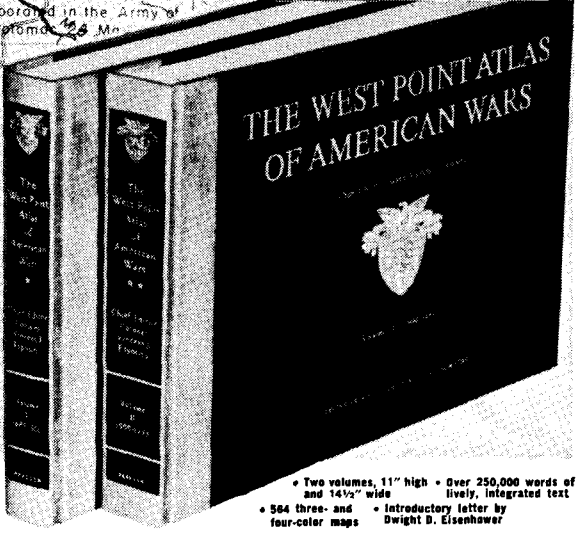

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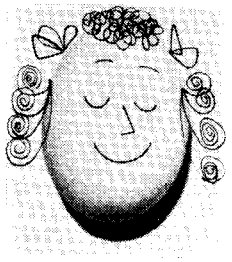

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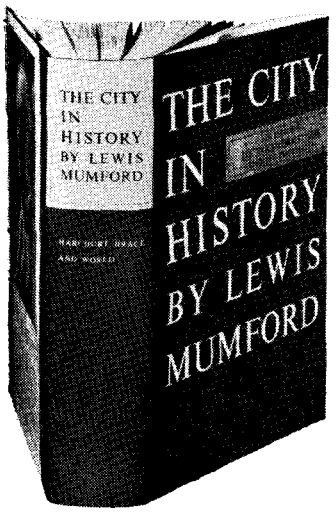

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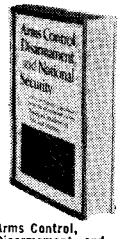

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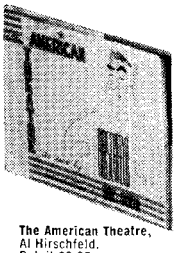

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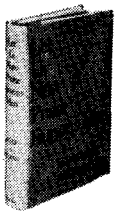

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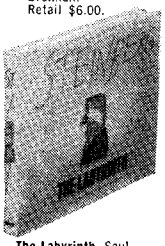

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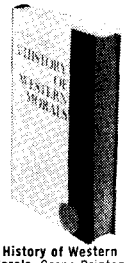

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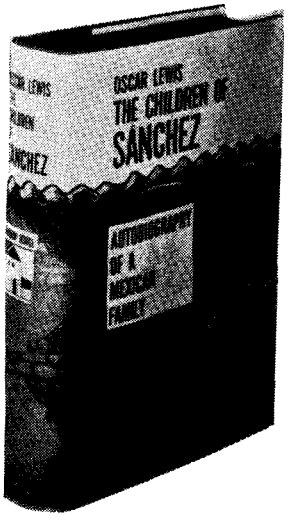

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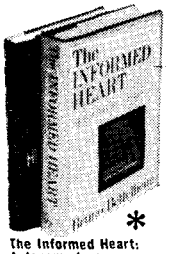

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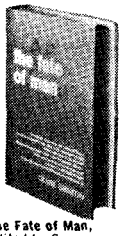

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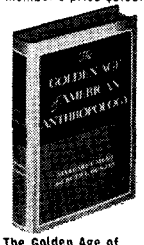

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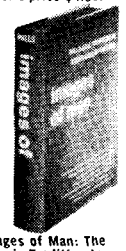

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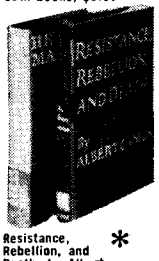

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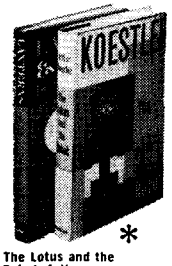

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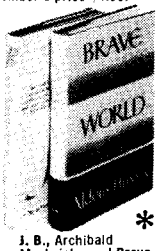

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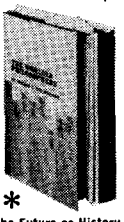

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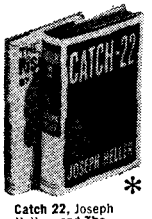

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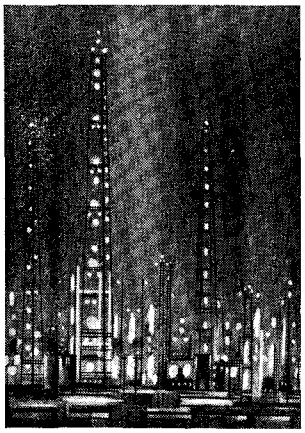

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Acrostician— MAXWELL TAYLOR

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

As we go to press, the seventeen-nation show has just started in Geneva, and all that **Max Ascoli** can do is express his apprehension and misgivings. Everyone else is doing the same, including the major protagonists, and that has prompted our editor to ask why the whole thing is taking place and why this half-theatrical, half-ceremonial peacemaking process has been going on for so long so inconclusively—at least as far as our country is concerned.

Earlier this year **Marya Mannes** went to Washington to attend the Federal Communications Commission's hearings on broadcasting. Miss Mannes is one of the most respected writers on the subject. In 1958 she won the George Polk Memorial Award for radio and television magazine reporting.

The importance of the House of Representatives is greater than that of the Senate these days—as, incidentally, was the intention of the Founding Fathers. Even in our day there are some senators who thought they had graduated to the Senate from what is erroneously called the Lower House and who sometimes regret the move. We have a new Speaker, but Mr. McCormack has proved what everyone knew when he was elected—that he was not a man of the same temper as Mr. Sam. We present in this issue studies of two leaders of the House whose power no one questions. As **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, shows, the fate of the Kennedy program will to a large extent be determined by the House Ways and Means Committee under its chairman, Wilbur Mills. . . . The opposition to the Kennedy program is supposed to be led by Charles A. Halleck of Indiana with the rather frequent assistance of seasoned members from the South like Judge Howard W. Smith of Virginia. But **Meg Greenfield,** a staff writer, tells us that the Southern-Republican coalition, although frequently effective, is a much looser affair than it is generally supposed to be and that Mr. Halleck is often exposed to opposition from within the ranks of his own party. However, to a large extent the behavior of the Ways and Means Committee as well as that of the Republican-Southern opposition in the House depends on the policy of the administration, which means, as has been proved recently, that if the administration is anxious to be defeated, it can find plenty of assistance in the House of Representatives. . . . The rise to power of Carlos Julio Arosemena Monroy in Ecuador did not make that nation's attitude toward either the United States or Cuba as clear as might have been hoped. There are no Communists in high positions in Ecuador, but there are many in important secondary posts. However, it looks as though we may have to be grateful for even the ambivalence of the present situation, since if Arosemena were to fall he would be succeeded by something far worse. **J. David Bowen** is a free-lance writer who has visited Ecuador several times in the past year. . . . **Naomi Barko,** a former member of our staff and now a free-lance writer specializing in youth problems, discusses the rising rate of unemployment among young people who leave school before completing their courses and who enter the employment market with few qualifications and fewer prospects.

Louis Kronenberger's latest book, *A Month of Sundays,* was published by Viking last spring. . . . **Howard Nemerov,** author of *Commodity of Dreams and Other Stories* (Simon and Schuster) and *New and Selected Poems* (Chicago), is presently in Austria at the Salzburg Seminar. . . . **Fred Grunfeld,** formerly an official of a New York record company, now lives in Mallorca. . . . **Adam Ulam** is with the Russian Research Center at Harvard. . . . Just twenty years after the appearance of **Alfred Kazin's** classic study of American literature, *On Native Grounds,* the Atlantic Monthly Press is publishing his latest book, *Contemporaries,* a collection of seventy-four essays, many of which first appeared in this magazine. . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is an English free-lance writer living in New York.

Our cover for this issue is by **Mozelle Thompson.**

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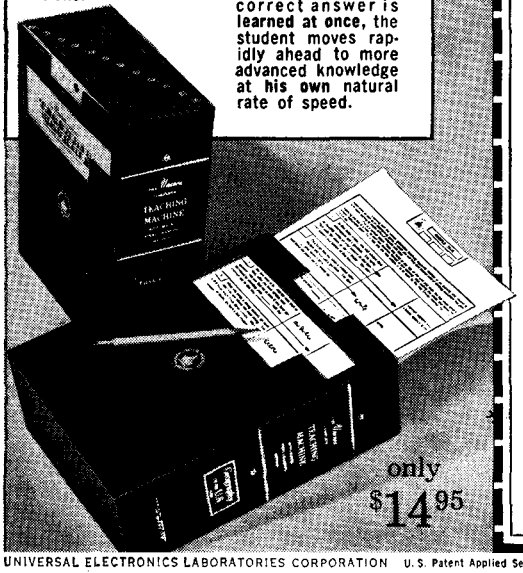

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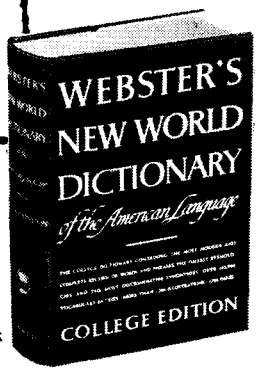

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THE ROMNEY BOOM

To the Editor: William H. Hessler's contribution to the Romney build-up ("A New Face in American Politics," *The Reporter*, March 1) reminds me of the early Eisenhower crusade. Check Mr. Hessler's phrases and think of Ike: Romney would bring "a more rational approach," clean up "the mess." He was a man who "tentatively identified himself as a Republican" but would "unify . . . the GOP" and "liquidate that stultifying feud" between reactionary Republicans and liberal Democrats. And did not Ike's record show that "he will not yield an inch on his fundamental convictions"?

It was hogwash in 1952 and the public business suffered; it is hogwash now.

HAROLD L. WILENSKY
Ann Arbor, Michigan

To the Editor: Thanks to William H. Hessler for his timely study of George Romney. It is evidence of the rejuvenation of the Republican Party that it can produce a man like Romney at a time when its more long-standing potential candidates seem to be running out of steam.

P. E. CROWTHER
Salt Lake City

To the Editor: Mr. Hessler's account of sixty to seventy-five per cent Democratic victories as the "usual" course of events in the area from which Romney was elected a delegate to the constitutional convention must have provoked considerable mirth among Oakland County readers, whether Democratic, Republican, or Tax Cut for God and America.

Former Governor G. Mennen Williams lost Oakland County in all six of his campaigns. In 1960, Richard Nixon (R.) carried 54.5 per cent of the two-party vote, Paul Bagwell (R.) had 55.8 per cent of the vote for governor, and William Broomfield (R.) took 55.9 per cent of the vote for congressman. I have examined Oakland County election results for President, U. S. senator, congressman, governor, state senator, lieutenant governor, secretary of state, highway commissioner, superintendent of public instruction, and regents of the University of Michigan for the past ten years. I can discover only three Democratic victories in approximately fifty contests.

ROGER L. BOWLBY
Okemos, Michigan

To the Editor: On the subject of partisanship, Mr. Hessler's article stated that "Two years later [1960] he [Romney] tentatively identified himself as a Republican." The record shows that Romney has been a healthy contributor to the county Republican organization for a number of years, giving up

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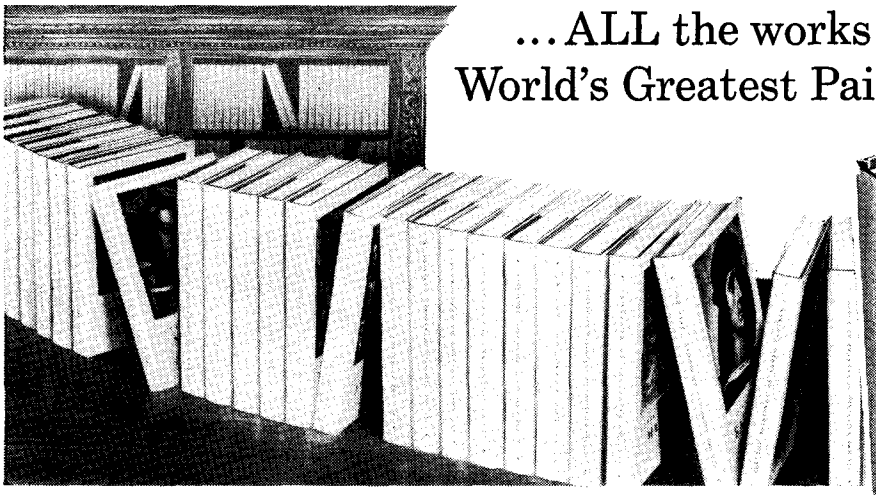

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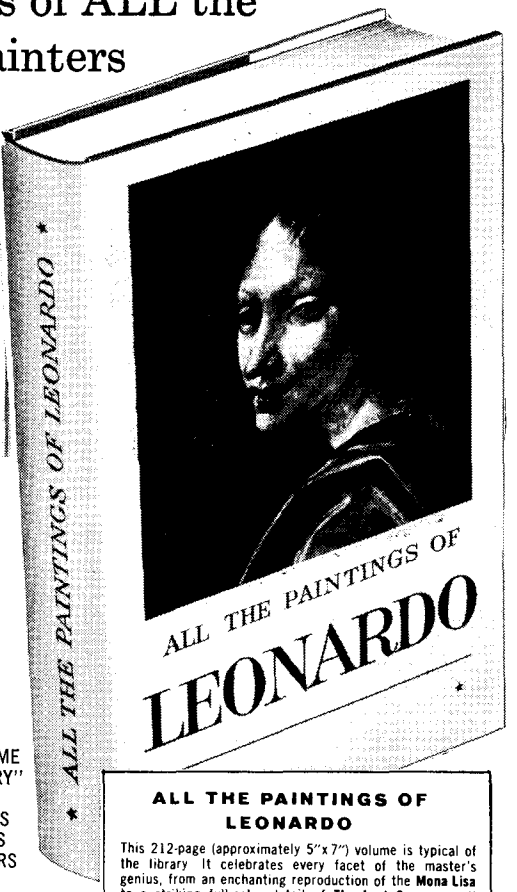

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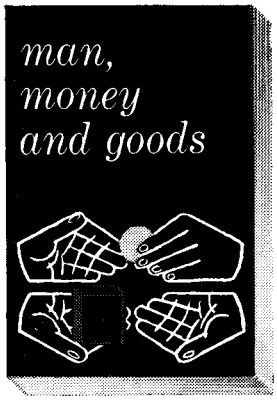

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Note the three-way praise earned by Marjorie Hope Nicolson's **THE BREAKING OF THE CIRCLE:** Studies in the Effect of the "New Science" on Seventeenth-Century Poetry. In the words of the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, it "gives a full sweep of seventeenth-century English literature in terms of its intellectual history; enriches our knowledge of the period as a whole; and illuminates many a specific prose passage and individual poem." $1.55

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The books above are the most recent additions to a remarkable varied list which includes the American sociological classic *Plainville, U.S.A.;* Shepard Clough's major history *The Rise and Fall of Civilization;* Alexandre Koyré's brilliant guide to *Discovering Plato* — and many other distinguished titles. We invite you to request a complete catalogue of paperbacks which will be sent with our compliments.

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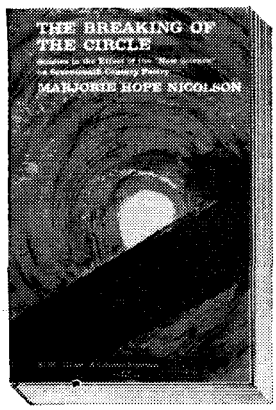

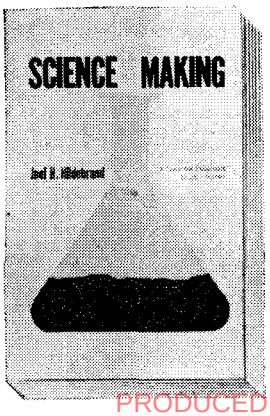

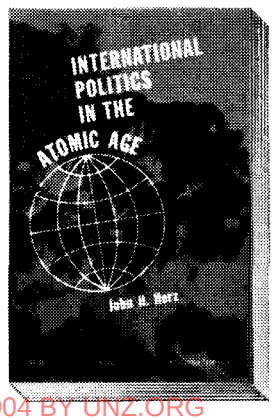

to $500 annually to the Oakland GOP since at least 1953, according to the Royal Oak, Michigan, *Daily Tribune* of February 12, 1956. During the constitutional convention race he was sure enough of what party he belonged to to allow his picture to be displayed throughout the county with Republican candidates in each district.

FAE WEISS
Oak Park, Michigan

To the Editor: Mr. Romney has demonstrated little more so far than an expert ability with salesmanship. The most important questions of all have been totally unmentioned by Mr. Romney and his publicity agents. How would he regard foreign policy? The United Nations? The Sino-Soviet split? The Latin-American trend to the Left? The various interpretations of the cold war? In short, we have no really vital pronouncements from Mr. Romney. He has not yet demonstrated enough perception or said enough to make him acceptable to the discerning public. He is indeed a forceful salesman, and his aggressiveness makes him appear to be a lightly talented Eisenhower. The fundamental question is, Can America stand up after another sales talk and another Eisenhower?

SIDNEY N. GEORGIOU
Port Washington, New York

To the Editor: I think Mr. Hessler did an excellent job on this article and I would appreciate your conveying my appreciation to him.

GEORGE ROMNEY
Detroit

HELPING THE NURSES

To the Editor: I knew that, as a teacher, I was a kindred spirit with the nurses as far as being underpaid is concerned. However, I never realized how appalling the picture of nurses' salaries really was until I read Barbara Carter's succinct article ("Medicine's Forgotten Women," *The Reporter*, March 1).

The fact that nurses work largely for nonprofit organizations does not justify their being so grossly underpaid. We have no right to expect them to perform their invaluable services in return for a subsistence salary. Since individual hospitals and the American Hospital Association have apparently done little to improve the economic position of nurses, it is indeed time, as Miss Carter implies, for Washington to do something more substantial than issue a four-cent stamp. The same approach appears to be necessary in regard to teachers.

ANTON C. SCHWARZMUELLER
Buffalo, New York

To the Editor: Many thanks for remembering "Medicine's Forgotten Women." Barbara Carter's article stated all the most prominent problems of the nursing profession regarding salaries, working conditions, and raising professional standards. These things mean much to

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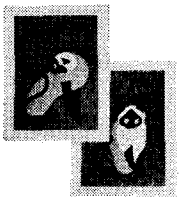

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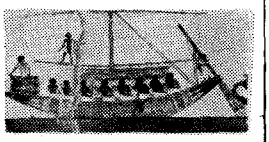

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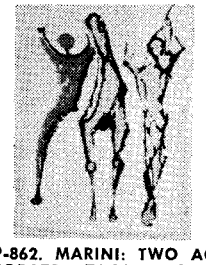

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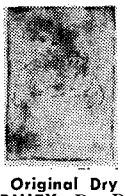

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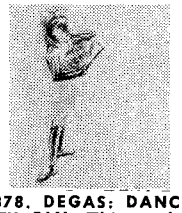

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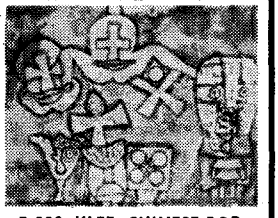

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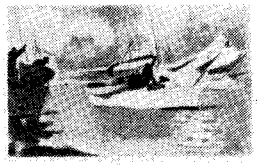

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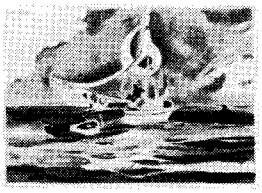

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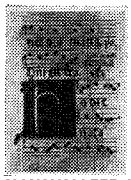

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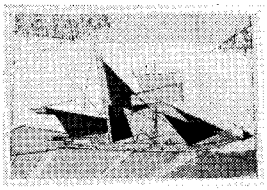

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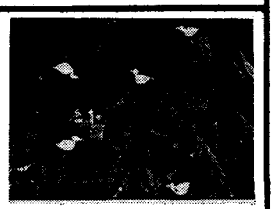

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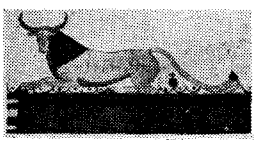

P-818. ETRUSCAN TOMB PAINTING: CROUCHING BULL. A fascinating bull in pink-beige, red-brown and blue, from the walls of the Tomb of the Bulls, one of the oldest sources of paintings at Tarquinii, at least 2600 years old. 16" high x 32" wide. Silk screen. *Special* **2.98**

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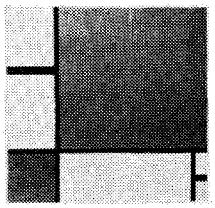

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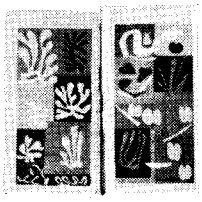

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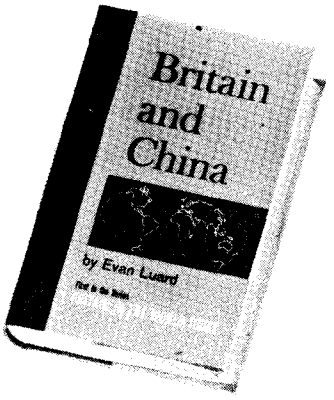

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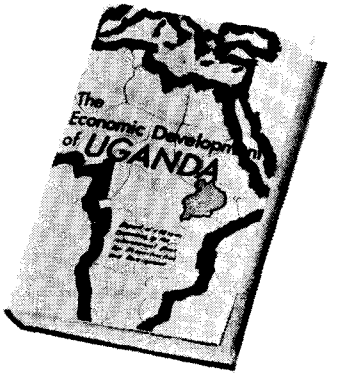

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EXPERIMENTAL SOCIETY

The desire to survive and to capture the excitement and idealism of a truly new frontier has led a number of young men and women to plan for the establishment of a communal society in Australasia in 1962. Those interested in and capable of building a community which will develop the individual's potential for creativity and cooperation may write to:
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the active nurse but do not explain why fewer women are entering the field.

Nursing has a great emotional appeal for young women. A really good bedside nurse must possess all the virtues of the truly feminine woman. She must be naturally kind and patient and have a strong desire to help others without regard to any great personal reward. But administrators and efficiency and cost-control experts have created the impossible situation that is the modern hospital in America. They have become great healing factories with most of the humanitarianism drained away. When a nurse finds herself only a cog in the wheel in this great complex, instead of what should be its most important single part, she has no alternative but to leave for other fields in nursing that enjoy greater personal contact with the patient, her real reason for being a nurse in the first place.

JANE KUNKA, R.N.
Chicago

To the Editor: Bravo to Barbara Carter. It is time the nurses as well as the public took a greater interest in the ANA and gave it the support it needs.

I just resigned from a position as a staff nurse in one of our finer state hospitals because of the working conditions. Who became indignant because of my resignation? The medical staff? The hospital administrators? No, the nursing department. It seems I committed a grave offense by "washing the dirty linen in public" by going beyond the ineffective nursing administration to the hospital administrators, by calling their attention to the poor working conditions in the hopes that the situation could be changed.

Let's get rid of the apathy among the nurses, and then the apathy of the public will soon follow suit.

DOLORES S. OESTREICHER, B.S., R.N.
New York City

EUROPE AND THE DOLLAR

To the Editor: In M. J. Rossant's article on the burgeoning prosperity of Western Europe ("The Defense of the Dollar," *The Reporter*, February 15), the argument that the powerful industrialists and bankers of Western Europe are making giant strides in economic power is spelled out with great clarity.

I think the interesting question raised by this article is how the American government will react to the rising tide of economic strength in Europe. While undoubtedly there will be closer and closer relations in the coming years between the American economy and that of Europe, both with the Common Market and the countries outside that complex, there remain a number of very important questions still to be spelled out and analyzed by our policy-makers.

You are to be congratulated for publishing such an informative and useful article.

WILLIAM PROXMIRE
U. S. Senate

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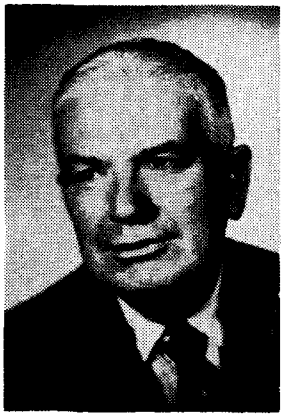

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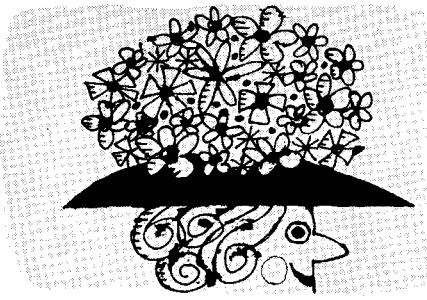

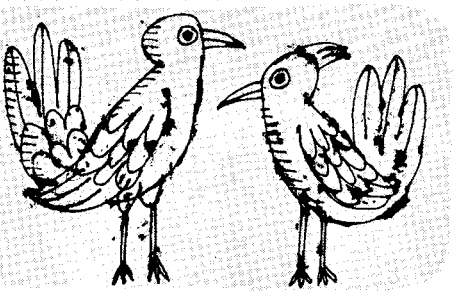

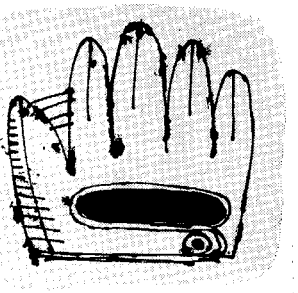

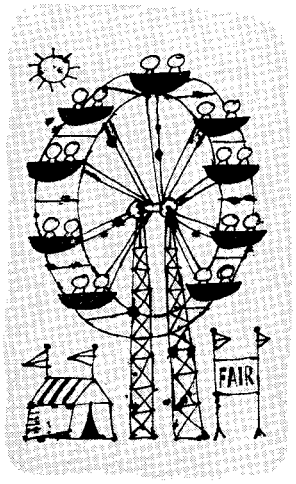

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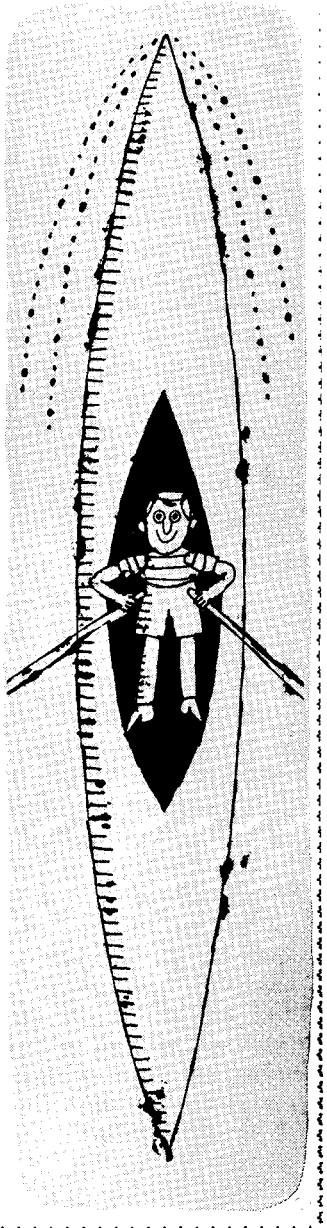

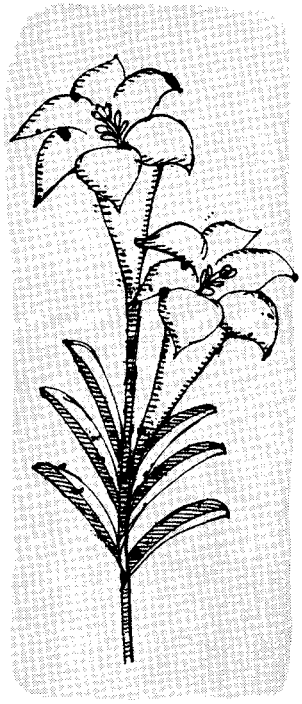

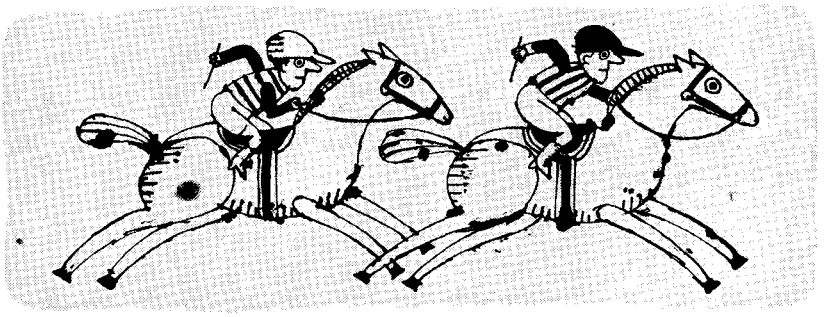

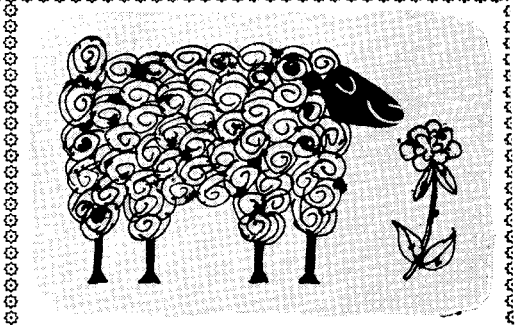

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APRIL . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest

The Grand National (Aintree)
Sunday, April 1 (5-6:30 PM)

Laudes Evangelii
Miracle play; choreography by Massine.
Sunday, April 8 (2:30-4 PM)

Traffic Jam
Report on a growing urban problem.
Tuesday, April 10 (10:30-11 PM)

Young People's Concert
Bernstein and N. Y. Philharmonic.
Friday, April 13 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Baseball, Sat.-Sun. Beginning April 14 & 15.

The Open Door
Ancient Passover traditions. Jan Peerce.
Sunday, April 15 (10-11 AM)

The Tender Grass
Passover fantasy by Morton Wishengrad.
Sunday, April 15 (1-1:30 PM)

Design for Freedom
Worldwide collection of Haggadoth.
Sunday, April 15 (3-3:30 PM)

The Creative '30's
Sunday, April 15 (6-6:30 PM)

He Is Risen
Easter in paintings by the great masters.
Sunday, April 15 (8:30-9 PM)

That's Where the Town Is Going!
Original drama by Tad Mosel.
Tuesday, April 17 (10-11 PM)

The Problem Child
A mother's case history.
Thursday, April 19 (3-4 PM)

Revelations
Oratorio by Earl Wild.
Sunday, April 22 (2:30-3:30 PM)

Oxford-Cambridge Regatta
Sunday, April 22 (5-6:30 PM)

Today (at Seattle World's Fair)
Mon.-Fri., April 23-27 (7-9 AM)

Breakthrough: Heart and Artery Surgery
Monday, April 23 (10-11 PM)

England Today
Tuesday, April 24 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM Probability and Statistics American Government COLLEGE OF THE AIR The New Biology
Mondays:	EXPEDITION!
Wednesdays:	HOWARD K. SMITH— NEWS AND COMMENT DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Thursdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	EYEWITNESS CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Saturdays:	CHAMPIONSHIP DEBATE ACCENT
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE WASHINGTON CONVERSATION MEET THE PROFESSOR DIRECTIONS '62 ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ EDITOR'S CHOICE ISSUES AND ANSWERS UPDATE COLLEGE BOWL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MEET THE PRESS 1,2,3—Go! WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR

Note: Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

In the Garden

It used to be that in summer camps for boys the Saturday-night awards were given Indian fashion, with totem poles, headdresses, war paint and all. When a seven- or eight-year-old received his token for swimming ten yards unaided, his fellow campers would show approval by saying "How!" No one ever found the word insulting.

Recently a group of postgraduates who call themselves Young Americans for Freedom held their awards night in Madison Square Garden, American fashion, with totem words, college scarves, Goldwater pins and all. But when the awards for patriotism, individualism, and Americanism were handed around, nobody used the word "how."

These Garden patriots had already distinguished themselves by chartering a boat last summer to sail up the Hudson to present an award to City Manager Mitchell of Newburgh, New York, and by staging last fall the first right-wing pro-test march, in favor of nuclear weapons testing. Now, only eighteen months after their group was formed, they filled the Garden with eighteen thousand supporters (six thousand more were turned away) on, of all nights for a celebration, the first day of Lent.

This last success did not come easily, however. Almost half of the award winners whose presence was promised withdrew before the party began. Senator Dodd of Connecticut spitefully announced his discovery that the rally would be "a partisan gathering with extremist coloration," and spurned his award. John Wayne ("Hollywood's original anti-Communist") was sympathetic but too busy to come. Herbert Hoover was honored but preferred to remain in Florida. David Lawrence unaccountably did not appear. Moise Tshombe, the very hero of the hour, could not get a visa. And, another ugly note, the invitation to General Edwin A. Walker, the Bircher whose popularity with the extreme Right had plummeted as soon as he was unmuzzled, was publicly withdrawn after all the announcements had gone out. Even William Buckley, one of the group's prime supporters, remained on vacation in Switzerland, though his spirit was present in the subscription forms for the *National Review* that were to be found on every seat.

With such an inauspicious beginning, many would-be organizers might have been tempted to call the whole thing off, but young men are brave. Besides, they still had their principal speakers, Senators Barry Goldwater of Arizona and John Tower of Texas. And they were happily able to keep the bipartisan flavor by getting Senator Strom Thurmond to substitute for Senator Dodd. John Dos Passos remained loyal to the end.

Of the awards finally given, though, more than half had to go to members of their own advisory board, but the cozy nature of the rally did not daunt the huge audience, which looked like nothing so much as a proud commencement-day gathering. Except when shouting "Down with Kennedy!," "Down with the U.N.!," booing the New York *Times* (in which they were open-mindedly joined by members of the press corps), and giving a resounding ovation for the late Senator McCarthy, this otherwise happy-go-angry audience was magnificent in its ability to rise above the confusions and contradictions that the noise on the Right betrays.

There were a number of odd little things. When a former speechwriter for McCarthy, for instance, was introduced, the cheers at the mere pronouncement of the senator's name were followed by the surprising comment that his speeches "suddenly showed an unprecedented insight into foreign affairs" after his new speechwriter was hired. No one protested the apparent slander, per-

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haps because foreign affairs, having mostly to do with Communism in other countries, is not really considered a serious subject. When a magazine article on the impeachment of Warren was mentioned, one section broke into wild applause despite the fact that the article in question characterized the campaign for impeachment as both foolish and impossible. Maybe the explanation for such confusion lies in Senator Goldwater's closing words: "If you are dedicated to freedom, then your answers are crystal clear."

It was undoubtedly with such clarity that Brent Bozell of the *National Review* came all the way from Spain to emphasize the Christian nature of the crusade against "gnostic Communism," an adjective that sounds very sinister indeed. As graduation speakers sometimes do, and for similar reasons, Mr. Bozell lost his audience for a time, but brought them back abruptly by asking, "Who do we think we are? A chosen people?" "Our good fortune belongs to the human race," he said, and the conservative mission was "to construct a Christian civilization."

Catholics, it turned out, brought loud applause whenever mentioned as such, despite a recent statement authorized by the hierarchy that charged the "extremists of the Right" with fomenting "a virulent form of disunity that is dangerously weakening the nation." The final benediction was given by Dr. Daniel A. Poling. (Dr. Poling, it will be remembered, joined with certain other Protestant clergymen in 1960 to issue the unbiased statement that a Catholic just cannot be trusted as President.) Dr. Poling asked God "to open the eyes of the mistaken ones who cry 'Peace, peace' when there is and can be no peace," neatly refuting the prayers of both the rabbi and priest who had preceded him.

No matter. By then it was very late, and the rally was held by all to be a great success. The attractive young men who had organized it and who had been hailed by one speaker as "the liberators who will make us free," easily assured themselves that they were truly "the wave of the future." In a final hymn of praise to Senator Goldwater they sang "Glory, Glory, Halleluja, His truth goes marching on!"

Outside, a phalanx of chartered and comfortably upholstered busses awaited them to take them back to their campuses and law schools.

Keeping Government Moving

Particularly notable in the latest administration has been the penchant for bureau shuffling. Last year, Disarmament was moved outside the State Department and set up as an independent Executive agency in order "to make it work better." But Civil Defense was terminated as an independent Executive agency and lodged inside the Defense Department for precisely the same reason. Housing and related agencies, it was argued urgently by administration spokesmen last month, must be consolidated into a single Department of Urban Affairs. On the other hand, the Peace Corps, Food for Peace, the Inter-American Development Bank, *et al.*, are judged to need a degree of autonomy.

There is a basic rationale behind much of this laborious shifting and reshifting of the bureaucracy. It permits the bureaucrats to go before Congress with the appearance of making a fresh start, blaming all the old ills on faulty organization in the past. It is no accident that the foreign-aid program, which gets the most critical Congressional review each year, has been subjected to the most frequent reorganization.

The point comes to mind because foreign aid has been undergoing still another massive reorganization. Congressional sanction was obtained last session for a new Agency for International Development to replace the old International Cooperation Administration which replaced the old, old Economic Cooperation Administration. This time, with considerable logic, Administrator Fowler Hamilton has proceeded to divide his bureaucracy along regional lines as a better means of running its far-flung activities.

But even before AID has begun to recover from this latest administrative reshuffling, new rearrangements are being considered. The White House, it is reliably understood, was upset by press reports of tardiness in the Alliance for Progress. With the President's pet program about to receive searching scrutiny in Con-

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gress, it was felt that AID's Latin-American bureau should be lifted out and placed directly in the State Department. There it could come under the direct charge of the Secretary, who, it might be added, doesn't lack for things to keep him busy.

Behind the scenes there has occurred one of those furious struggles that are uninteresting to the public but enormously important to officialdom. A compromise has been reached. Instead of moving the Alliance out of AID, its officials are simply being moved into new rooms in the same building so they can have a "back to back" relationship with corresponding State Department officials in the adjoining building. This way, the whole enterprise can be expected to function very smoothly—at least until the next reshuffling.

Not for El Segundo

We are grateful to a number of our readers in the Los Angeles area for keeping us abreast of recent developments in the El Segundo Unified School District. It seems that high-school teachers of American government have been forbidden to make classroom use of either *The Reporter* or the *New Republic*, although one teacher reports that he had previously used *The Reporter* for five years and the *New Republic* for two in the discussion of contemporary issues. In what one of our readers has described as "an area where book burning is prohibited only because it would add to the smog problem," half a dozen teachers have had the temerity to protest the administrative order, and one of them, Mr. Carroll Edwards, spoke up loud and clear for his right "to give pupils as many varied points of view as possible" in an interview over KTLA-TV with Tom Franklin, who stated bluntly, at the beginning of the show, "And I must advise you in advance that my interview with Carroll Edwards reflects my own opinion." A Democratic candidate for the state assembly, Alfred E. Alquist, called the ban an "educational absurdity," and a number of private citizens have sent us copies of more or less heated letters they have been sending to the school board.

It is good to know that both *The Reporter* and that strenuous remark of Voltaire's have so many admirers in sunny Southern California. We must admit that the whole episode gives us a certain wry satisfaction. The action of the El Segundo school board, which apparently finds us too far to the Left for the innocent minds of high-school children, was brought to our attention during the same week we were perusing with interest an article in a new Canadian magazine called *Exchange* in which the author accused *The Reporter*, whose editor was put in prison by Mussolini, of drifting toward fascism. It just goes to show, as one of our friends in Los Angeles has written us, that you can't please everybody. For what it's worth, we promise never to try.

ISLAND

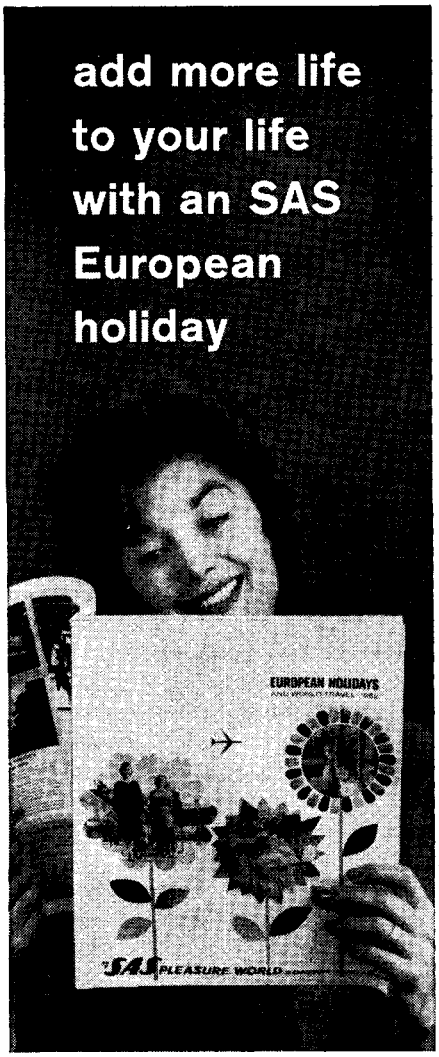
(By sea mail from Exuma in the Bahamas)

What shall I send from a reef of coral
A thousand leagues from pressure and print?
Of heavy times and the titan quarrel
Never a shadow and no hint.

Never a shadow other than palm
Bending over a blinding beach,
Nothing but iridescent calm
Far and blue as the eye can reach.

What can I rhyme of man's commotion,
How can I point a potent moral,
When all I know is the sound of ocean
Lapping over a reef of coral?

—SEC (off duty)



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Escalation: Up or Down?

AND HERE we go again. The place of course is Geneva; the tired process of negotiations has been started once more by tired negotiators who, even before the meeting began, ruefully admitted to conference-seasoned reporters that nothing much could be expected from this new round. What seems to be going on in Geneva is the convergence of all the different attempts at peacemaking that for years have been proceeding, off and on, staged or rehearsed, in various spots like Moscow, the east end of Forty-second Street in New York, Vienna, Paris, and, more frequently than anywhere else, Geneva.

One of the Aristotelian principles for good theater, unity of place, has now been complied with: the confrontation between the West and the Soviet Union on Berlin, on Laos, on ending atomic tests, on general and complete disarmament, is being resumed in an orderly, dignified setting. There are also a number of extras this time, non-protagonists who will try their best to play the meddlesome roles that they have long performed at the U.N.

But at this point a few questions must be asked: if little or nothing can be expected, why the whole thing? Why should the representatives of our country consent to go through a series of motions which, in their heart of hearts, they know will lead to no positive results? And why should our President have pledged his presence if it is required either by a substantial agreement that is most unlikely, or by an impending collapse that the Russians are free to bring about any time they choose?

The answer is that our participation in conferences purporting to reach some measure of peace, no matter how dim the prospects, has become unavoidable. This making of decisions by accepting alternatives that leave no room for choice has become an ingrained trait of western policy. When the President announced the prospective resumption of nuclear tests in the atmosphere, he made it clear that he could not do otherwise, and that if the Russians give him a chance, there will be no tests.

The President's attitude in this instance is fully understandable, for these tests, no matter how "clean," are an act of war against an unknowable number of human beings. It is also true that in no other of the many rounds of negotiations on many subjects have the representatives of the Soviet Union exhibited such callowness, such glibness, as in those over the test ban, from the time the talks started in October, 1958, to the time when they were recessed in September, 1961, after the Russians again started testing.

THE PATTERN has been the same for all the negotiations between the western powers and Khrushchev's Russia. He has invariably taken momentous initiatives, as when at the U.N., in the fall of 1959, he made the most outlandish proposal for the most tragically compelling of problems—the reduction of armaments. Later our government, too, declared that general and complete disarmament was its aim. The administration could not help it. Negotiations on general and complete disarmament are now supposed to be going on in Geneva.

On November 29, 1958, Khrushchev announced his intention of breaking the four-power agreement on Berlin. Negotiations started shortly afterwards, and are now going on in Geneva. The talks on Laos started in May, 1961, and are still going on in Geneva.

Khrushchev takes all the initiatives, but so far has shown no hurry to reach a conclusion or to precipitate a showdown. To the conflict between Communism and the West he has contributed a new feature: the permanent negotiations. They follow a slow, bumpy course for months and years, until Khrushchev takes a further step that is promptly followed by new East-West talks. This is likely to go on for quite some time, and occasionally there may be some big negotiations on negotiations, at the foreign minister or at the summit level, in Geneva, that sort of Lincoln Center for negotiating performances. The trouble is that so far and invariably it has been Khrushchev's show.

LATELY the notion has gained surprising credence in the West that the best thing that may happen to us is to go on negotiating with Khrushchev. What with food shortages at home, the constant threat from the neo-Stalinists, and the rift with Communist China, the man is in difficulties. In the international arena, so it seems, the real conflict going on is the one between the two Communist powers, and this makes us eager though distant spectators rooting for Nikita.

The habit of co-operating with Khrushchev in permanent negotiation on the ever-expanding number of issues he keeps raising—this is justified in our country by the fear of "escalation." A show of strength on our part, no matter how limited and carefully controlled, it is argued, could possibly lead to a nuclear consummation. The notion of "escalation" is, we think, a useful one, provided we remember that next to every upward-going escalator there is one going down. It would be a wise idea to see which escalator we are on, for we may be going down, down, losing power and prestige abroad, as Mr. Kennedy used to tell us rather frequently during his Presidential campaign.

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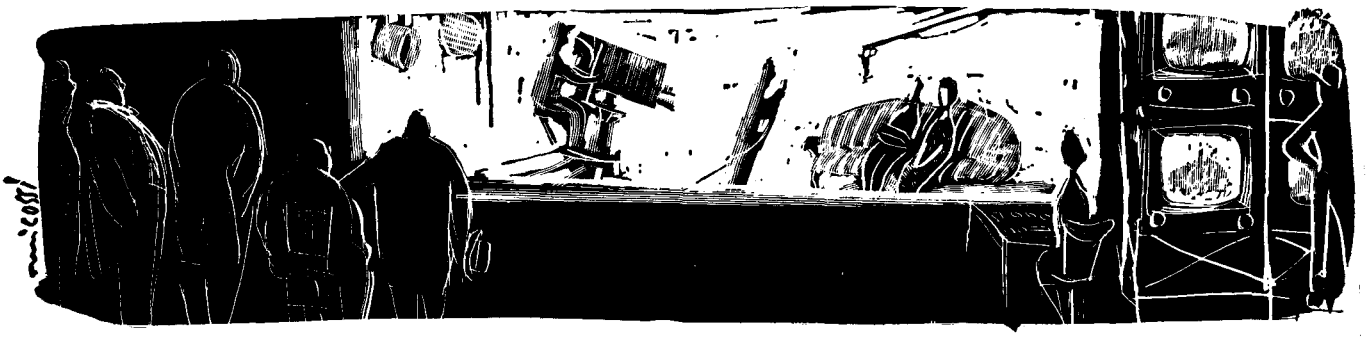

The Networks and the FCC

More competition, not more regulation, was the note on which the recent hearings ended

MARYA MANNES

One television spectacular originating in Washington earlier this year would probably not have received high ratings, for the testimony given to the Federal Communications Commission by the three networks could hardly have been classified as entertainment. Nor, though it was full of documents, could it have been called a documentary. It was the final installment of a series begun in May, 1959, to determine—in the FCC's words—"whether the present operation of television and radio networks and their relationships with stations and other components of the broadcasting industry tend to foster or impede the development of a nation-wide, competitive television system." The commission had amassed fifty-eight volumes of records to find out whether the networks, in their incredibly complex and interdependent relationships with affiliated stations, advertisers, packagers, and agents, were guilty of denying viewers the range and variety of programming defined by the FCC in various interpretations of the Communications Act and notably in its 1946 Blue Book as being in the public interest.

Until 1961 the inquiry had been fairly routine. Then, last spring and summer, two things happened that made the proceedings front-page news. In May the new chairman of the commission, Newton N. Minow, made his famous speech before the National Association of Broadcasters in which he charged television with being a "vast wasteland." In June a parade of witnesses told an FCC inquiry in New York, under sharp questioning by the FCC's counsel, Ashbrook Bryant, of the degree to which they felt advertiser and agency pressures on the networks were dictating program policy, throttling creative talent, and forcing "mediocrity, mayhem, and murder" on the viewing public.

The message was loud and clear: a "disturbing narrative," reported Jack Gould of the New York *Times*, "of the silent surrender of the medium to the forces of commerce and the relentless suppression of the craftsman's spark."

The networks breathed easier when, in September, sponsors and advertisers had their day and say before the FCC. It was stated emphatically that creative freedom was not hampered and that interference with programming exerted little or no restraint on creative talents.

Yet by the time the networks' turn came in January, they were in an apprehensive mood. They had reacted to Minow's indictment first with outrage, then with fear, and then with a rush to outdo each other in stepping up their public-affairs programs. And although Minow had mellowed his approach in subsequent speeches and noted approvingly the sudden effort to comply with his wishes, the networks were still afraid.

They were afraid first of all of the FCC's sharp revision of policy, dating from May 20, 1960, when it announced its intention of monitoring radio and TV programs to enforce more firmly its power to withhold a station's license if it could not show proof of balanced television fare in which the public was served not sporadically but regularly by a wide spectrum of choice. They were also afraid that the commission might move toward the licensing of the networks themselves. And these two fears culminated in a third: a dread of governmental control to determine what the people should or should not see on their screens.

This is where the hearings in Washington became not a documentary, in which real issues are faced and examined, but the kind of program most television viewers see in prime time: a story usually set in a hospital or a courtroom which, through slick production, gives the impression of realism without at any time conveying reality.

For one thing, the chairman and his commissioners had set them-

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selves to explore not the prospects of government control but the procedures by which a network provides fifty per cent of its affiliated stations' entire programming and as much as ninety per cent during the prime viewing hours from 7:30 PM to 10:30 PM. But this very subject was currently under review by the Senate Judiciary Committee's Juvenile Delinquency subcommittee for possible legislative action. Under those circumstances, both the networks and the commission went off into long arguments about issues of unmanageable complexity: the millions of viewers, the millions of programming hours, the millions of dollars gained and lost, the bewildering intricacy of all television broadcasting operations.

A final unreality, hovering over the hearings like a dense fog, was that the commission and the networks, while incessantly proclaiming their devotion to that supreme good, the public interest, did not seem to be speaking the same language.

Democracy Rides Again

When CBS-TV opened the proceedings as the first network witness, it all seemed so clear and right. Led by Dr. Frank Stanton, CBS put on a show worthy of one of its best productions; a combination of reasonableness, literacy, toughness, and slickness that left the commission as open-mouthed as children before a Western. Dr. Stanton's speech was a model of controlled eloquence, liberally laced with quotes. Much of it was devoted to the philosophy that was to prove the theme song of the hearings: in a democracy only the public must choose what it wants to see; any attempt to tell it what it should see, to impose standards, to suggest choice, is essentially antidemocratic.

"The wide range of opinions expressed in all the long sessions of this hearing as to what kinds of programs should be on television," said Dr. Stanton, "has served to highlight a strong human instinct. We all seem impelled to lead others to the heights we ourselves have attained—or think we have attained—through some form of coercion or cultural speedup. . . . In this connection, I confess that there has occurred to me the possibility that the more sophisticated who are restless with the type of entertainment that appeals to others may need a rededication of faith in that hopeful experiment that is our democracy."

Again and again Stanton returned to this theme: "Those of us who are in broadcasting know very well that the moment we give way to any impulse to offer only those programs which, because we like them, we think are best for everybody else, we not only risk immediate and total disaster, but we negate the very essence of democracy. You will recall Shaw's observation: 'It is unwise to do unto others as you would that they do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same.' " Shaw was quoted twice more: first by Commissioner Robert T. Bartley, who asked Dr. Stanton whether he would consider a comment from *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets* to the effect that "This writing of plays is a great matter, forming as it does the minds and affections of men in such sort that whatsoever they see done in show on the stage, they will be presently doing in earnest in the world . . . ," and again by Chairman Minow: "Shaw said, 'Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it.' And this is, it seems to me, one of the real problems in broadcasting." Dr. Stanton said he would read more Shaw, thus ending one of the few literary exchanges in the hearings.

THE PROLONGED INQUIRY that followed Stanton's speech was routine, inconclusive, and respectful. Even his remark that "one man's mediocrity is another man's good program" failed to evoke a demand for the definition of terms that was so unhappily lacking throughout the whole inquiry. What was good—and for whom, and why? It is possible that neither Mr. Minow nor the other commissioners had their hearts in probing it then, partly because Stanton's speech was so well balanced and well written and partly because it ended on a note close to the chairman's heart.

The president of CBS-TV came out strongly for more competition in the form of more channels as the only proper solution for better programming, restating his conviction that sets should be made capable of receiving ultrahigh-frequency channels as well as very high-frequency. ". . . We need to undertake a massive technical offensive," he said, "on several fronts. It should involve the commission, the broadcasters, the laboratories, and the manufacturers of transmitters and receivers—an offensive directed at increasing competition both in stations and networks by increasing the availability of more outlets without sacrificing service to any important segment of the public."

So cordial and so mutually respectful did the atmosphere become that the familiar network lullaby seemed to soothe the commission's doubts and dispel its anxieties. ". . . We see no national emergency in television programming," said Dr. Stanton. "There is no wholesale abandonment of their responsibilities by American broadcasters. The public has not deserted television nor is there any public uprising against the general content of television programming. The day-to-day competition of the networks has brought each season not dozens, not scores, but hundreds of programs of distinction." Television is still in its infancy, let it grow by itself, he prescribed. Relax.

THE COMMISSIONERS may have been duly lulled, but Robert Sarnoff, chairman of the board of NBC-TV, abruptly woke them up. He attacked head-on: "We cannot accept the premise that the public interest demands the regulation of networks, and that all that remains is to decide just how they should be regulated. . . . I will attempt to demonstrate that the proposed regulation of networks is unnecessary and unwise as a matter of principle and public policy, and unworkable as a practical matter." Since the regulation of networks was not formally on the agenda and it was Sarnoff himself who had raised the issue, the commissioners began to sit up and bristle.

Sarnoff continued: "The power to license stations does not give a government agency the responsibility of raising viewers' tastes or broadening their interests to conform to its own views on what those tastes and interests should be."

Throughout his speech, Sarnoff echoed the familiar network creed: the public decides. The paramount

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idea of the democratic process was "that people themselves, given opportunity for choice, can best choose for themselves . . . Against this remarkably effective system of free choice, some would impose the centralized authority of government to determine what is good for the public to see and hear. I do not believe the public has delegated that right to any group. Certainly the commission is not empowered to act as an agent for the public in this area, to speak for what the public should get. Rather it is the commission's role to see to it that broadcasters keep in touch with their audiences so that they can gauge the public's response to what they offer, and can build on that response."

Sarnoff was not saying anything substantially different from what Stanton had said, but the way he said it was bound to ruffle the commissioners where Stanton's restrained and measured approach was tailored to soothe them. They reacted predictably, snapping at him and even interrupting him in midflow—something they had not done to Stanton.

Other People's Children

It was Oliver Treyz, however, the president of ABC-TV, who brought the commission's wrath down on his head. It has been no secret to anyone, least of all to the commissioners, that of the three networks ABC-TV had sinned the most in providing its viewers with murder and mayhem, to the benefit of its coffers if not of the public welfare. The commission's fire was concentrated on one specific and recent offense, the broadcasting in prime time of a drama of violence and depravity called "A Lion Walks Among Us," one of ABC's *Bus Stop* series. Since a large number of ABC affiliates refused to run the show after seeing a preview, the commissioners asked, and since several advertisers pulled out, why did Treyz still let the show go on? Why, moreover, had he not acceded to a request by the National Association of Broadcasters that they be allowed to see the film before it went on the air? If the broadcasters wanted to regulate themselves, why didn't they? Chairman Minow said that a million children under twelve saw the show and asked whether Treyz's own children had seen it. Mr. Treyz said no, and conceded, after more hammering, that the decision to go ahead with the show was his responsibility and his mistake. He kept his voice steady but his face began to glisten, and Chairman Minow looked more and more like a terrier tugging at a large bone. It remained for the calm and smiling James Hagerty to restore the hearing room to an agreeable temperature by describing his ABC news operations during the last year and to receive Mr. Minow's congratulations for his efforts in the public interest.

Treyz and ABC were like tough kids on good behavior, careful to spell out their virtues while they confessed their errors. Many of their troubles, they explained (as a truant would point to a broken home), were the result of an insufficiency of channels, which prevented them from doing what they wanted to do in the public interest. Some skepticism marked the faces of the commissioners, although you felt the commission might have liked to put them on probation.

Whatever their difference in character and coloration, and whatever their careful semantic evasions, all three networks—CBS, NBC, and ABC—shared the basic tenets and attitudes that make television what it is, for better or worse. In spite of a statement read by Dr. Hyman H. Goldin, an economist attached to the FCC, to the effect that network profits had made great gains during the last six years, all three networks talked poor. Each network gave similar evidence of soaring costs and heavy commitments, spelling out the financial sacrifices entailed not only in producing more and more public-affairs and news programming but in initiating new shows of any category.

HERE AGAIN came the unreality: a never-never land of figures which, because of their stupendous intricacy, could be used by either side to prove anything. What is more, a listener at these hearings might readily have inferred that the networks were far less concerned with profits than with the public good, and that they were in fact bleeding themselves white so that 160 million American viewers in forty-seven million homes could be given the best.

All three networks claimed that the ultimate decision of what went on the air rested with them, and that advertising pressures or influence on choice were either negligible or nonexistent. Yet none approved the "magazine concept" by which an advertiser merely buys air time and has no choice or control over programming. Behind this rejection was the fear of losing advertisers and in particular those few able to sponsor the special hour-long programs on which industry prestige now seems to rest.

CBS, NBC, and ABC each gave proof of a marked rise in public-affairs and news programming during the last year alone, CBS stating that this area accounted for seventeen per cent of its entire programming.

All three networks came out for more channels, for providing more varied programming through the

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use of UHF channels and the manufacture of sets capable of receiving the entire VHF and UHF spectrum. The unanimous cry was Competition versus Regulation. To the listener as, it seemed obvious, to the FCC, this was the sop, the tender of good faith in the public interest that was intended at the same time to establish the networks' co-operation with the regulatory agency and to relieve them from the dread of regulation.

So 'They' Say

On one matter Stanton, Sarnoff, and Treyz were of one mind. Each classified the American public in two lots: the majority mass and the minority intellectuals. The first was "the public," the second was "they."

Sarnoff described the forty-seven million homes served by television as representing not one public but "a complex of many different and overlapping publics, encompassing all levels of taste and interest, education, and sophistication." Yet he added, ". . . television's proper function is to offer programming that will be appealing to the majority, who seek primarily entertainment and relaxation, while including a reasonable amount of fare for those with more specialized interests. It is from the latter that the principal criticism of television comes. Through television they are exposed to a large volume of material designed for other people's tastes. They have—or profess—little liking for it, and are not satisfied to seek out the programs that match their own interests. On this basis, they feel that television is failing its mission because it is not shaped in the image of their own tastes. I doubt that the present system of network television, which cannot exist on a specialized-service base, will ever be able fully to satisfy the demands of this body of viewers."

At another point, Sarnoff put it this way: "There are some people . . . who are not satisfied with present fare, feeling it is deferring too much to the majority and too little to the minority. This is *their* view. I claim that many of these, if they took the time and trouble, would find programs . . . if they were intellectually honest. . . . In my view there is more than enough for them if they looked for it."

Said Mr. Treyz of ABC, in a speech stuffed with statistics and self-approval: "A majority of the viewers demand *entertainment*. A highly articulate minority demands *information*." And although he disclaimed that ratings were the single or final arbiter in determining this demand, he said later of a program called *Ben Casey* that "extensive audience pre-testing, conducted by our research department, had indicated that the program would meet with great public favor."

Inevitably, this categorization of the public into two kinds of people—lowbrow and highbrow, to put it simply—was balanced in network thinking by an equally simple categorization of programs: entertainment, which was for the lowbrow majority, and public affairs, which was for the highbrow minority. Ranged on one side were variety shows, "action" programs (network-ese for crime, cowboy, and adventure series), situation comedies, panel games, sports, and so forth; and on the other side, documentaries, news in depth, discussion and interview programs, serious drama, music, and ballet.

At no time was any serious consideration given to the possibility that "serious" programs could

entertain—was not Mrs. Kennedy's tour of the White House for CBS a prime example?—or that "light" programs—Stan Freberg's satire of TV on ABC might have been mentioned—could stimulate thought. At no time was it suggested that a discussion program which was as dull and pointless as many are would be less desirable than an action show that was good, as few of them are. It was assumed throughout that charges of mediocrity applied to entertainment, and that this mediocrity had the broadest appeal. And it was equally blandly assumed that "the public interest" meant public affairs or art, which only a minority desired.

AT NO TIME was it suggested that the editor of a newspaper believed a reader could look at a comic strip with as much interest as at a report on Algeria. Only on this electronic medium was man so imprisoned in his category that a college professor was not expected to enjoy boxing and a truck driver was not expected to enjoy opera. At no time did the commission inquire into the private program choice of the broadcasters themselves (a recent poll showed them preferring programs supposedly oriented to the minority). The philosophy of do unto others what you would not do unto yourself could have been cited as an odd philosophy for communicators.

Throughout the hearings the question of balanced programming remained a matter of proportion between the two poles of "entertainment" and "public affairs." That the latter had shown a marked rise during the last year was a matter of satisfaction to the commission and pride for the broadcasters. There remained no doubt that the medium reached some of its finest moments in such programs as NBC's *White Papers,* in CBS's *Reports,* and in ABC's *Close-ups,* and in the coverage of the Glenn orbits, the White House tour, and in the many news specials offered at prime viewing time to an increasingly large public. The excellence of this service may well have been responsible for reactions to a certain question put by a recent Roper poll on viewer attitudes. "If you got conflicting or different reports of the same news story from radio, television, the magazines, and the newspapers, which of the four versions would you be most inclined to believe?" Thirty-nine per cent said they would believe television as against twenty-four per cent who believed the newspapers. In the same poll two years ago the percentage

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was twenty-nine for television against thirty-two for newspapers.

If the commission had chosen to complain that the coast-to-coast blanketing of TV screens failed to give viewers a wider choice, the networks could have countered with the best defense at their command and one which they never used: that it was virtually impossible to fill eighteen hours of the day with quality material. Instead, their case continued to be one part tender solicitude for the discerning minority and one part demagogic insistence that the majority decide what they want, and that what they want they should have.

Encouraging Competition

Too much was said that had been said before. Too much remained unsaid and unexplored by both sides, thereby contributing to the unreality of the whole show. At the same time, these hearings were of great usefulness: both sides could take a measure of each other, and the public, if it cares to, can take a measure of all concerned.

The very immensity of the subject precluded sweeping conclusions or the proposal of radical reforms. The exhaustive inquiries of the FCC have made it clear that there are no villains, no plots, no conspiracies in the programming deficiencies that have been brought to light; it is simply that certain methods of operation have choked the broadcasting tree with parasitic growths that keep this miraculous medium from performing the functions of which it is capable and for which it should be responsible: the best possible service for a whole people.

The same networks that flood the national air with trivia perform brilliantly in producing vitally informative programs that no independent station or producer has the skill, the resources, or the personnel to provide. Here the networks have a strong argument, and a question constantly before the commission is whether this virtue, inherent in network control of programming through its affiliates, balances out its vices.

Major reforms are made unlikely by the composition of the commission itself and the temper of Congress. Persuasive, convinced, and tenacious as the chairman is, he can at best count on a four to three majority in the commission. As for Congress, so many of the legislators are closely involved with the broadcasting in-

terests back home that they are loath to approve any measures aimed at limiting the broadcasters' powers.

THE ONE imminent outcome of this inquiry may be legislation requiring set manufacturers to include ultrahigh-frequency channels in their receivers as well as the present VHF channels. Competition, not regulation—this was the note on which the hearings ended: a fine, democratic, American sound to which few could object. Ostensibly, the opening up of these heretofore neglected frequencies would provide the wider range of programming so devoutly desired by the commission: a new market for new sources of material heretofore excluded by the network-affiliate squeeze play. On the other hand, the networks were prepared to endure the short-range confusions and dislocations this new competition might entail if it served to get the FCC off their backs.

As for the public, the opening up of extra channels might do two things: greatly increase the educational outlets now denied us—918 programs are waiting for channels to carry them—and provide the kind of varied cultural fare that FM does for radio listeners and art houses do for moviegoers. It might also, to be sure, only provide more outlets for the mediocrity that seems all too typical of this most massive of the mass media.

To Chairman Minow, in any case, this legislation aimed at the set manufacturers is only one of several steps under consideration as a means of encouraging a greater sense of responsibility in network programming, in defining more accurately the terms of the public interest.

The networks might be faced with self-accounting in the form of public disclosure at regular intervals, in which their operations, affiliations, and programming practices would be reviewed for all to hear. Another possibility—by no means a brand-new one—would be a National Advisory Council appointed by the President and made up of experienced leaders in various fields who would study television in the light of public needs and come up with specific recommendations for adoption. Difficult as the choice of such a council might be, it should be possible to find disinterested individuals of stature and wisdom in their respective professions who could give their time and thought freely and without prejudice to the questions of mass communication.

True, it may sound naïve to advocate the appointment of one more Presidential committee. But as the hearings have proved, this TV business is of such an immoderate complexity that the representatives of both private and public interests can scarcely grapple with the whole of it. This seems to be a good enough reason why the best minds in the nation should focus on it periodically.

AS TO THE PRESENT, Newton N. Minow has proved to be the kind of man who does not succumb to the network incantations of "choice by the majority" or "the public decides." He is that rare fusion of realist and idealist which makes the true public servant. He knows above all for whom he is working: the hundred and sixty million Americans in their forty-seven million homes for whom the television screen is a picture window. What they see through such windows, as Shaw said, has a lot to do with what they are.

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AT HOME & ABROAD

The Ways and Means Of Wilbur Mills

DOUGLASS CATER

ALONG the Washington grapevine, no rumors are more keenly scrutinized nowadays than those purporting to give the attitudes of the chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, Wilbur D. Mills of Arkansas. Part of the fascination is that Mr. Mills's attitudes are by no means noted for their consistency. A recent report, for example, was that Mills held high hopes for President Kennedy's ambitious new trade bill now undergoing examination by his committee. But then there was an equally authentic report that Mills has declared that the administration's draft of the bill must be rewritten from beginning to end.

According to one interpretation of the flexibility that has characterized Mills's long career in Congress, he is a man of remarkable intellect but equally remarkable indecisiveness. ("Shakespeare once wrote a play about him," a long-time associate commented.) Another interpretation, strongly espoused by a former colleague on the committee, is that Mills is nearer to Machiavelli than Hamlet. He is purposeful when he appears most indecisive, as befits one of a long line of Southern politicians skilled at staging calculated retreats before the inevitable march of progress.

This is a matter of more than passing importance to those charged with putting the Kennedy program through Congress. At the moment, one White House aide has noted nervously, Chairman Mills has a sizable chunk of it in his hip pocket. Partly by coincidence, partly because of a concatenation of committee powers, the chunk includes this session's major foreign and domestic measures. Off and on since last spring, Ways and Means has been meticulously revising the first installment of the administration's tax program by which Mr. Kennedy hopes to spur economic growth, close loopholes, and, not least, raise the necessary revenue. With a tax bill finally reported out, the trade bill was waiting in line, scheduled to receive four weeks of public hearings and at least another four of committee deliberations. Afterward comes the program of Social Security-based medical care for the aged. Sometime in the dim future, Kennedy strategists hope to get a hearing on the proposal for Presidential discretion to lower taxes as a means of combating recession, and along the way they are pressing Ways and Means to make unemployment compensation a permanent part of the anti-recession package. Whether the President gets even a minimal program to take to the voters for the November Congressional elections depends to an uncomfortable degree on the tempo set by Chairman Mills.

IT IS the optimistic view of administration leaders that Mills can be induced to display a determination not always evidenced in the past. As a not very subtle gesture of courtship, the President invited him to the White House last January ahead of everyone else to discuss the upcoming session of Congress. Since then Mills has been included in several of the informal get-togethers at which the Congressional leaders ruminate with the President on details of legislation.

The results have not always been edifying. On one occasion the President, forgetful of his impatient urgings last year that Mills hurry up with the tax bill, graciously thanked him for having delayed it. Mr. Kennedy said he had been told by Secretary of the Treasury Dillon that the Ways and Means Committee found "one hundred and one mistakes" in the administration's draft. "That number ought to just about cover it, Mr. President," Chairman Mills replied solemnly.

The Arkansas Non-Traveler

The conspicuous wooing of Mr. Mills, a stocky, slightly jowled man of fifty-two, has extended to the general public the celebrity that he has long held among professional politicians. He is a phenomenon peculiar to the House of Representatives. He came there in 1939, still a very young man, to represent a rural Arkansas district that was the second least populous in the nation. A banker's son, he grew up in the tiny railroad junction of Kensett, Arkansas, attended a Methodist college fifty miles from home, married a childhood sweetheart, and served a brief spell as a county judge. He did, however, venture outside Arkansas long enough to attend Harvard Law School.

Mills has maintained his provincial ways. In Washington, he and his family live in the same not-so-fashionable apartment building on Connecticut Avenue that they moved into twenty years ago, and socialize very little even at Arkansas state functions. The day Congress adjourns they drive home to their simple frame house in Kensett. Mills remained in Congress throughout the Second World War, and to this day he has not traveled abroad.

His devotion to his constituency is hardly a matter of strict political necessity, since Mills has faced opposition in the Democratic primaries only twice, both times prior to 1944, and has never had a Republican opponent. The recent redistricting more than doubled Mills's constituency and threw him up against Dale Alford, the segregationist congressman from Little Rock. But Alford has decided to try for governor.

Quite early, Speaker Rayburn, reportedly recognizing a first-class mind when he saw one, assigned Mills to the Ways and Means Committee. There, far removed from the more dramatic spectacles of Congress, he has labored at legislation that few of his colleagues pretend to understand. He has had time and inclination for little else. Four years

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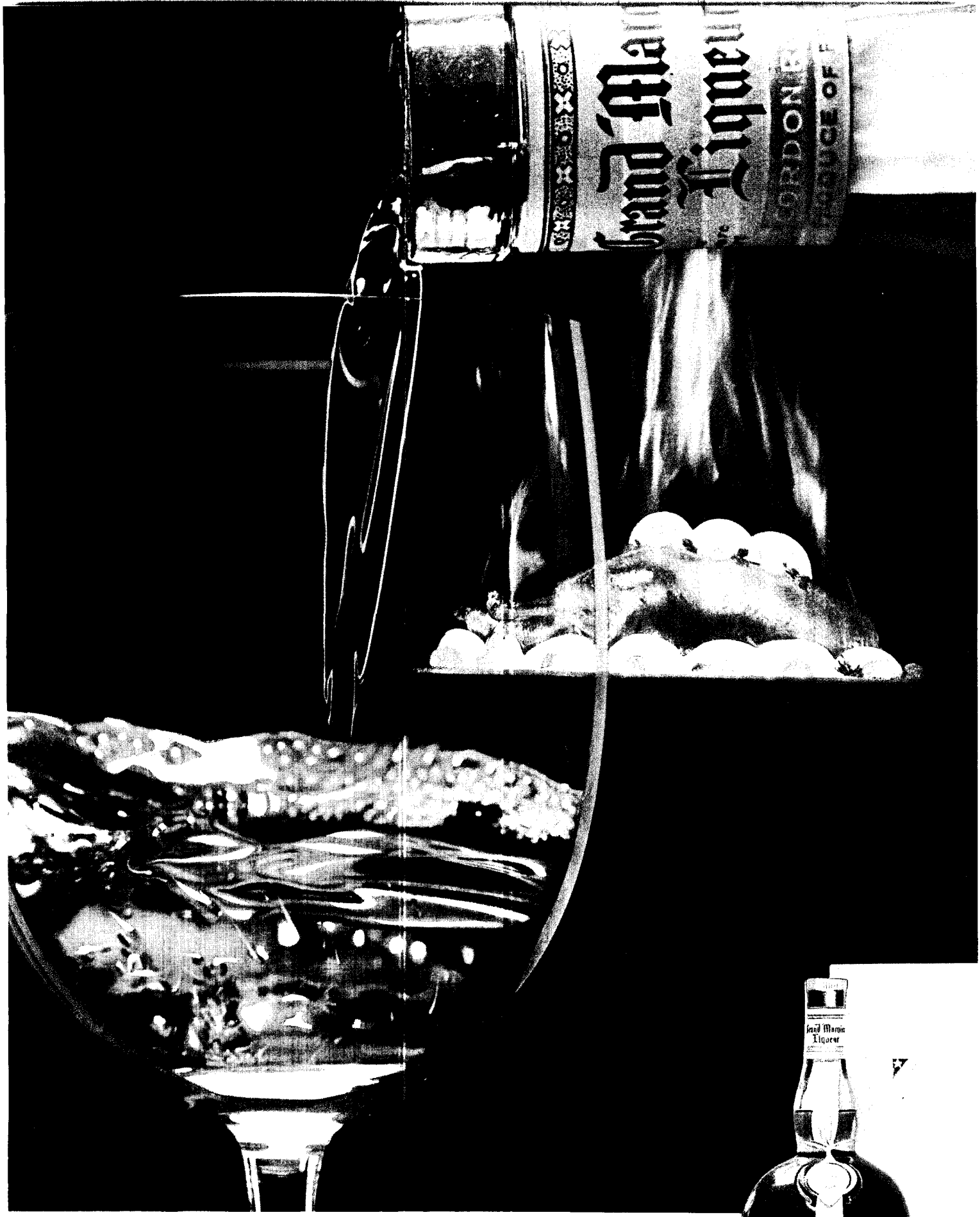

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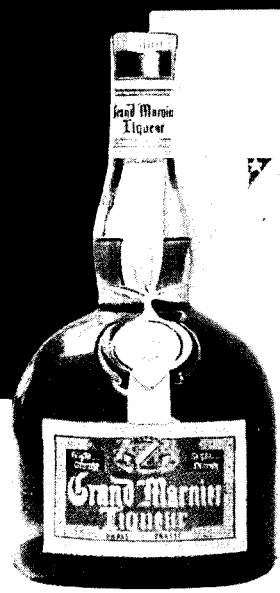

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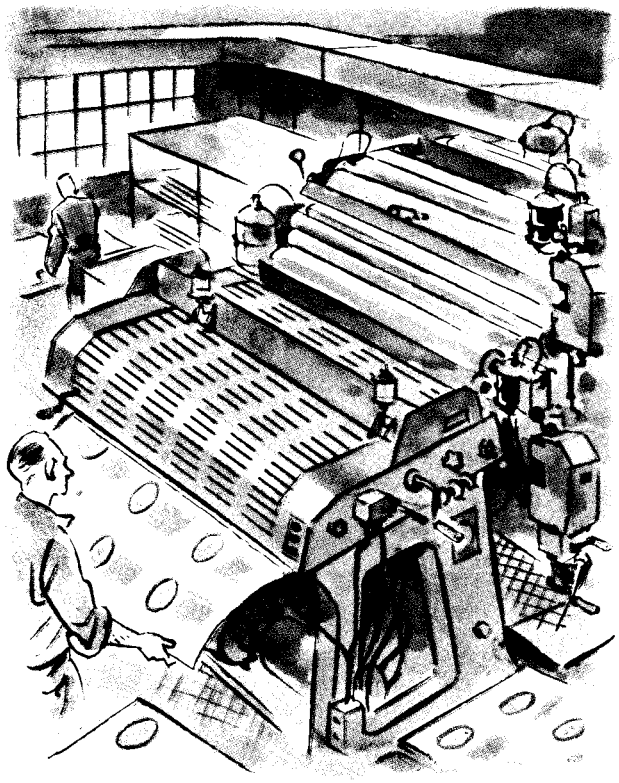

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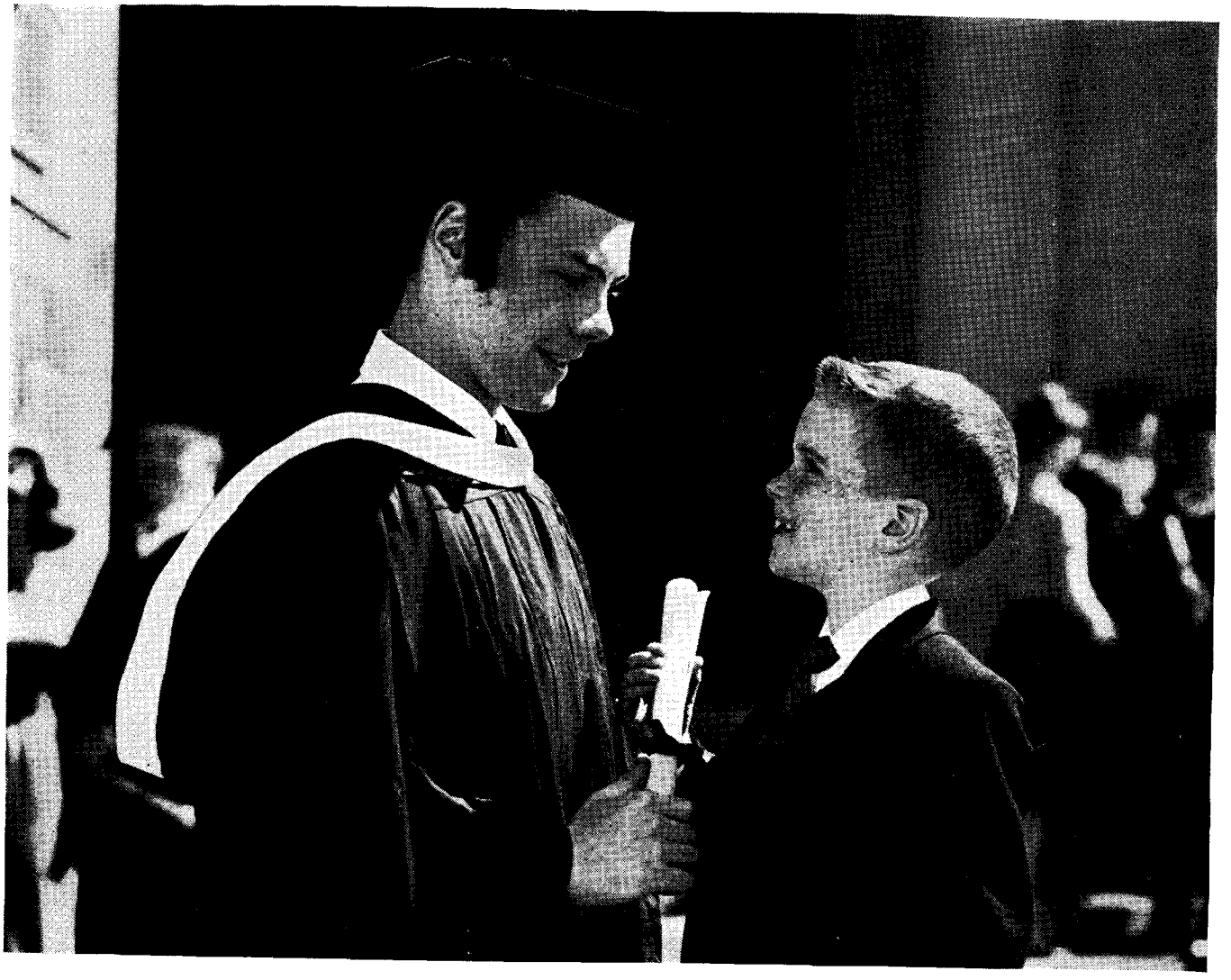

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ago, after the long ascent up the seniority ladder, Mills became chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

He heads the oldest and one of the most eminent fiefdoms in Congress. The Ways and Means Committee, established in 1789, served up to the Civil War as a sort of House within the House, having charge of both revenue and appropriation measures. Despite the later proliferation of committees, it still retains all its original functions having to do with the income side of the ledger. Since revenue measures must originate on the House side of the Capitol, Ways and Means claims Constitutional precedence over its Senate counterpart, the Finance Committee. Ways and Means presides over a tax system that has grown Gargantuan not merely in size but as an instrument for regulating everything from narcotics to national growth. Trade and tariffs, Social Security, unemployment compensation, and many of the Federal welfare programs fall within the committee's purview.

BY CUSTOM, revenue measures are brought to the House under a rule prohibiting amendments from the floor. This means that ordinary members have no opportunity to tinker with the provisions. A complicated tax bill like this year's is usually allotted two days for floor debate, then voted up or down. Most members recoil from the thought of handling it any differently.

With such power has gone extraordinary effort to ensure stability. Unlike the Rules Committee, which has been packed and repacked for partisan purposes and now numbers twice as many Democrats as Republicans, Ways and Means has been kept for years at a constant ratio, at present fifteen members from the majority and ten from the minority. Unlike the Appropriations Committee, it has no permanent subcommittees and usually meets in plenary sessions. Its members, with few exceptions, work longer and in more tedious detail than any other group in Congress, especially during the marathon of tax review. The Democratic contingent also comprises the Committee on Committees, with the influential task of parceling out their party's posts on all the other committees. Contrary to a widespread notion, the Speaker's influence in making assignments is pretty well limited to the Rules Committee and, of course, to Ways and Means itself.

Ways and Means assignments from both parties generally go to the senior and the safe. Ten of the fifteen Democrats represent either Southern one-party constituencies or big-city ones tightly controlled by the party machine. Six of the minority members are from rural, solidly Republican districts.

Stability has been maintained by attrition as well as by appointment. In recent years, three of the more progressive Democrats on the committee, Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, John Carroll of Colorado, and Lee Metcalf of Montana, moved to the Senate. Yet there has also been conscious effort to keep the committee from veering too far to the Right. Speaker Rayburn made it a matter of ritual to check on a prospective member's liberal-trade leanings. And this year, when Democratic committee member Frank Ikard, a Texan, quit Congress to work for the American Petroleum Institute, his Texas colleague Clark Thompson was persuaded against his wishes to move over from Agriculture to prevent a more conservative Texan, Walter Rogers, from claiming the vacancy.

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Among the committee members, there is a frequent tendency toward "specialization." Eugene Keogh (D., New York) serves as an active and eloquent defender of the nation's thrift institutions, particularly the virtually untaxed mutual savings and loan companies. During the tax hearings last year, Keogh listed a number of those institutions with which he had affiliations. For a long time, Hale Boggs, who comes from the port city of New Orleans, actively promoted a tax measure for stimulating U.S. investment overseas. But now, serving as Democratic whip, he has dropped his proposal in the face of the administration's efforts to clamp down on foreign tax havens. John C. Watts of Kentucky keeps a shrewd eye on taxes affecting liquor, tobacco, and race tracks. Undoubtedly as a consequence of Mr. Rayburn's selectivity, the dominion of oil is so well tended by various members that Ways and Means, unlike the Senate Finance Committee, has never had a good fight over the 27.5 per cent depletion allowance.

Writing a Tax Law

Until this year, the only efforts at tax reform since the Second World War were instigated by the Republicans—in 1948 and 1954—and merely resulted, say the Democrats, in adding to the inequities. But the difficulty of such a task goes beyond partisanship. The wartime necessity to raise money and raise it quickly led to the complete transformation of the U.S. Tax Code. Once a thin document, it now numbers 1,148 pages listing ninety-two chapters and thousands of sections. Almost everything after the enumeration in Chapter One of "Normal Taxes and Surtaxes," as Mills has pointed out ironically, is for the purpose of specifying that normal taxes *don't* apply. Vast components of the nation's economy have been nurtured in the interstices of the code. As the committee members attempt to tinker with this fantastic document, they discover that each comma and codicil affects somebody's vital interests. Each loophole in the law is defended by powerful pressure groups.

Even veteran members participating in the most recent revisions find it difficult to explain how the committee handles this complex business. This year, more often than not, there has been a straight party split on the formal votes. But much of the de-

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cision making goes on well before the formal vote.

One member believes that the way decisions are readied can best be described as a "stewing process." After last year's public hearings on Treasury proposals, the committee went into extended periods of executive session, marked at long intervals by the issuance of mimeographed releases bearing such titles as "Discussion Draft" or "Tentative Decisions for the Purpose of Drafting Language." Each release served to provoke renewed activity both from the administration and the lobbyists, this time working behind closed doors with the individual members. (One member not long ago kicked out an arrogant motel magnate who insisted that he should be permitted to deduct his memberships in five country clubs; several members, on the other hand, were impressed by a publisher's plea that his yacht was his major means of promotional advertising.) As time passed, the draft language moved back and forth between the committee and the staff of the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation, which serves as a unique holding company in Congress for technical draftsmanship. Many of the sections, Mills noted recently, went through five and six rewrites. Nobody else could be sure when this process was at an end.

Step by step, Mills worked out a series of delicate compromises between Treasury demands for tightening the code and the entreaties of those who were being squeezed. Savings and loan associations, which paid a pittance of $7 million in Federal income taxes last year, were hit for an estimated tax yield of $450 million; but after the powerful U. S. Savings and Loan League made its presence felt on Capitol Hill, the tax take was cut back by more than half. (It has been estimated that more than a quarter of the members of Congress have affiliations with savings and loan institutions.) Co-operatives, previously tax-free, must now pay an estimated $30 million annually, but the Rural Electrification Administration co-ops, a formidable lobby group, got exemption. The Treasury proposal for taxing overseas earnings of U.S. corporations was watered down considerably until former Congressman Andrew Biemiller, director of the AFL-CIO's Department of Legislation, threatened an attack on the entire bill. Four days later, Mills pushed through a revision that restored a good deal of what both Treasury and Mr. Biemiller wanted.

From a theoretician's point of view, all this weighing and balancing was hardly a rational way to write a tax bill. Still, Treasury officials were far from unhappy. They point out that the committee granted their important request for a withholding tax on dividends. While balking at specific Treasury proposals for clamping down on entertainment allowances, it at least provided the basis for stricter enforcement by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. It also agreed to a modified form of tax credit for new plant investments that Treasury experts believe will promote economic expansion.

For the first time in many years, according to these officials, the tax battle has been waged in terms of closing up loopholes rather than poking fresh ones in the code. They note one unhappy omen: at the last minute the committee invited more loophole poking by granting tax deductions for lobbying activities.

From Chairman Mills's point of view, the exercise, while tedious, had been an indispensable part of the legislative process. He makes no bones about the fact that his primary concern must be political, that he must coalesce majority support on his committee, and beyond that keep a constant weather eye on the House. The Ways and Means chairman, he believes firmly, must guard a reputation for invincibility if his handiwork is not to be torn apart by the competing pressures. Mills has never forgotten the humiliation of having the first big bill he presented as chairman four years ago roundly rejected by the House.

As THE current tax bill reached its final stages a few days ago, all of Mills's cautious instincts came to the fore. It was the first time, he remarked, that a harsh piece of tax reform was being offered in Congress without a general reduction to smooth the way. He felt that despite his efforts the bill stepped on a lot of toes and was not really pleasing to anybody. Even the investment tax credit, which the administration hoped would attract business groups, had failed to stir much enthusiasm. Undoubtedly one reason why Mills showed himself so responsive to the AFL-CIO's outcry against foreign tax havens was that he feared pro-labor Democrats in Congress might get together with pro-business Republicans to wreck the bill.

But Kennedy strategists, once doubtful that Mills really wanted to get a tax bill through Congress, had to revise their estimates. He welcomed Secretary Dillon and his top Treasury retinue into all the closed-door sessions during the final drafting. Dillon and his men sat through the long meetings day after day not merely to offer advice but to tip off the President's legislative assistant, Larry O'Brien, about any waverers who needed looking after. Everybody, including Mills, clearly recognized that in the present state of House disarray a defeat for the tax bill would be a grim portent for the trade bill and what comes after.

The Big Ones Are Coming Up

Looking at the cheerful side of things, O'Brien and his staff point out that once past the tax hurdle, they can count on a sharp increase in public enthusiasm for the trade bill and even more for medical aid to the aged. Already there is a massive build-up of support.

Despite Mills's declared intention to give the trade bill a thorough redrafting, the Ways and Means Committee is not seen as the main threat. The Rayburn tradition still weighs heavily there. Mills, whose own district has been a big cotton, rice, and poultry exporter, has an excellent voting record on trade.

But if he and the committee start ahead of the rest of the House on trade, they are believed to trail on the issue of medical aid for the aged. During the rump Congressional session of 1960, Ways and Means gave an undignified burial to the Kennedy-supported bill providing aid under the Social Security System. Instead, Mills joined with Senator Robert Kerr (D., Oklahoma) to push through a bill offering fairly limited Federal support for individual state programs. This year part of the Democrats' problem is

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to find a graceful way to disengage from the Kerr-Mills approach, which the administration feels is unsound.

Mills so far has taken no initiatives to help resolve this difficulty. But he has privately indicated that he does not have basic objections to using the Social Security System provided there are strict safeguards for the existing program. Keeping medical aid in a separate fund, he has hinted, might be an acceptable compromise.

Looking beyond, some profess to hope that Mills will not balk at the proposal to combat recession by Presidentially administered temporary tax cuts. Such an authority impinges directly on the jealously guarded jurisdiction of Ways and Means. But Mills was once chairman of a study group under the Joint Economic Committee that endorsed an anti-cyclical tax policy. In recent days he has been heard to mention the President's idea somewhat favorably.

BUT TALKING and acting are two different matters, as every politician knows. Despite the public optimism being generated by administration spokesmen, there is a feeling that the House of Representatives, increasingly unruly in recent years, may be heading toward more rebellion this spring. Mr. Kennedy's rather cynical attempt to link opposition to his Urban Affairs Department with opposition to his choice of a Negro to head it didn't serve to get a department or consolidate the Democrats. The new Speaker, John McCormack, continues to show an erratic leadership, to say the least, as when he was obliged to join the revolt against his own plan for enlarging the House membership. In private communiqués to the Executive, McCormack has been a gloomy prophet about much of the Kennedy program.

Whether Mills has the will and the capacity to surmount this trend is still uncertain. Even within his own committee, a breakaway of three majority members can always swing the balance of power to the minority. Such an unstable equilibrium, for a seasoned politician with the cautious instincts of Wilbur Mills, is not exactly conducive to dynamic leadership.

Charles A. Halleck And the Restless Republicans

MEG GREENFIELD

IN WASHINGTON a few weeks ago, twelve Republican senators and representatives who were chosen to draft a new Declaration of Principles for their party held their first press conference. They had little to announce except that they hoped to complete their document by June and that the average age of the participating House members was only forty-two. "We feel we represent the young people in the Republican Party," said Representative Melvin Laird of Wisconsin. "Any reflection on the 'Ev and Charlie Show'?" a reporter asked. Without even a word of praise for the two leaders of the party in Congress, Senator Bourke Hickenlooper of Iowa replied, "We didn't discuss that here."

Everyone present knew that the group of twelve was in fact established in response to pressure from the Republican National Committee and various members of Congress who are eager to offset the party "image" being projected by Senator Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois and Congressman Charles A. Halleck of Indiana in their frequent joint press conferences. Dirksen and Halleck, in turn, are said to have accepted the idea in the hope of heading off the establishment of a more comprehensive All Republican Conference, patterned after the former Advisory Council of the Democratic National Committee.

Not long ago, however, the executive committee of the Republican National Committee unanimously decided to establish the All Republican Conference as well. It is planned to include former Presidents Eisenhower and Hoover, former Vice-President Nixon, and a number of governors, former cabinet members, and others. The conference is expected to absorb the group of principle-writers plus Dirksen and Halleck, thus curbing the role of the two minority leaders as public spokesmen.

Behind these rather complicated maneuvers the classical conflict is taking place over who shall speak and what shall be said for a national party out of power. While Lyndon Johnson and the late Speaker Sam Rayburn were able to ignore the Democratic Advisory Council's generous offer of guidance, it is likely that Dirksen and Halleck will sooner or later join up. Sensitive to charges of "fogyism" and "negativism," Republicans both in and out of Congress have become all but obsessed with the Throttlebottom aspects of the "Ev and Charlie Show" and of the leaders themselves. "Those two old wrecks," one Republican Congressman said to me. "They look like Mutt and Jeff," said another. "I shudder every time I see it," said a third. A fourth allowed as how he couldn't look.

TO THE genial and more sophisticated Dirksen, such overdrawn criticism of the show—indeed, the show itself—appears to be a source of mild amusement. Not so with Congressman Halleck. For a man long ambitious to become a national party leader, the experience has been anything but funny. Personally thin-skinned and somewhat bullyish in manner, Halleck, for all his skill in political combat, has been at a loss to fight the elusive charges. "I don't know what they mean by image," he told me not long ago. "The positions we take? If the image is that of me at sixty-one, well, Speaker McCormack isn't any younger."

These days, however, Halleck isn't competing with Speaker McCormack. He is competing with President Kennedy, the Kennedy cabinet, the Kennedy children, and what the Republicans are fond of describing as the Kennedy "vig-ah." Senator Barry Goldwater may have pre-empted the Republican speaking circuit, but the Senate itself is not

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where the major tests between Democratic and Republican policy are taking place. It is the House, by nature less issue-minded and more parochial, that will determine the course of the administration's program. Accordingly, it is Halleck along with the rest of the Republican House leadership—John W. Byrnes of Wisconsin, Charles B. Hoeven of Iowa, Leslie C. Arends of Illinois, and Clarence J. Brown of Ohio—who will be making the decisions and doing the business of the Republican Party at least until 1964. Come what may to the "Ev and Charlie Show," Halleck is, in a sense, the party's image.

Given the assertiveness of the House these days and the key role played by the Republican minority, Halleck would probably feel free to ignore advice from outside if it weren't for a growing undercurrent of dissatisfaction with his performance within the House itself. Although the discontent has not reached the revolutionary proportions he seems to imagine, it has been based on matters far more substantial than his age and physical appearance. Hostile newspaper articles have been read into the *Congressional Record*—by Republicans. Oddly enough, the man who was hailed for his articulateness and aggressiveness when he took over the leadership in 1959 is now found wanting both as a party spokesman and party fighter. "I would not say that the climate of the Republican Congressional leadership is anti-intellectual," Roscoe Drummond of the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* wrote in a piece that found its way into the *Congressional Record*. "It is just anti-idea, anti-initiative, anti-do anything."

Swallow the Leader

To some extent the sniping at Halleck can be explained on purely personal grounds. A recent *Redbook* survey indicated that only 2.1 per cent of Republican congressmen answering the poll considered Halleck one of their "most admired" colleagues. A blustering, raucous man who is the product of one of the toughest and most politically professional states in the Union, Halleck has never been particularly well liked. "People don't think of Charlie as a warm person," a Republican congressman explains, "but they admire his technical competence. He's a bulldog type." His dalliance with Eastern Republicans has also cost him some friends among the more conservative Midwesterners, whose views he basically shares. In 1940 Halleck nominated Wendell Willkie because, as he later told a reporter, he thought he would win. In 1948 he swung the Indiana delegation to Dewey because he thought he would be Dewey's running mate. He was wrong both times, and the enmity of some of the Taftites whom he managed twice to offend has not entirely abated.

HALLECK gained the minority leadership in 1959 as a result of the Republican disaster in the Congressional elections of 1958. He convinced a group of younger congressmen who wanted to replace the aging Martin that he was the only man who could win in an intraparty fight. As leader he soon won a national reputation as a "gut fighter" and a ruthless party disciplinarian, and his colleagues still respect Halleck's talent at skirmishing. ("We gotcha licked," according to one administration official, is Halleck's favorite expression.) Halleck distinguished himself in the Eighty-sixth Congress by his ability to prod reluctant Republicans into support of President Eisenhower's program and to thwart the will of an ambitious Democratic majority. "One-third plus one," the number of votes needed to sustain a Presidential veto, became a Republican slogan. As a reward for his efforts Ike told him, "You are a political genius."

Now that Halleck is on his own, however, some of the members of the House are beginning to wonder to what end his combat skill is being employed. A group of young Republicans who publish the magazine *Advance* concluded pretty accurately not long ago that Republicans on the Hill can be divided roughly into four groups: a small number of Radical Rightists, a small number of secret Democrats, a large number of "constructive conservatives," and a larger number of standpatters who are "fighting the good fights of the 30's." Halleck, by and large, speaks for the standpatters, who are accused by the "constructive" group of intellectual lethargy, endemic negativism, and a failure to oppose the Democrats in any meaningful way. Halleck himself denies the charges and is at pains to disown the "gut fighter" label, which has come to connote a sort of obstructionist without a cause.

It is true that Halleck has become something of an "aginner" by habit. Only twice since he came to the House in 1935 has there been a Republican majority, and only eight of his twenty-seven years in Congress have been served under a Republican President. Halleck and a great many of his colleagues have spent their adult lives fighting the New Deal, the Fair Deal, and now the New Frontier. They have come to relish the battle. ". . . I must say," former Speaker Martin once wrote, "that having a President of the opposing party in the White House puts some sport in politics, which has necessarily been missing for me since Eisenhower took office."

THE EXTENT to which Halleck opposes simply *pour le sport* is hard to judge. Habit, conviction, and convenience all seem to play a part. He doesn't exercise complete control over his flock, for one thing, and generally has more trouble getting them to support a program than to oppose one. While there are twenty to forty Republicans who will disregard his call to oppose an administration-favored measure, there are up to twice as many who will disregard his call to support one. Foreign aid is a case in point. Last summer Halleck was able to muster almost one hundred per cent party support against the administration's long-term financing scheme. But when Republican Congressman Gerald R. Ford, Jr., of Michigan introduced an amendment to the Foreign Assistance Appropriation bill adding to the meager funds that had been restored by Democratic Congressman Otto E. Passman of Louisiana, it was a different story. Although the amendment had been introduced by a Republican member, and Halleck himself had gone on record in favor of restoring the funds, he was followed by only seventy-three of his colleagues in

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voting for it. Eighty-two voted "No." With this general disposition of the House Republicans, Halleck as policymaker may simply be taking the path of least resistance.

The same sort of reflex opposition appears to be the basis of the so-called coalition between Halleck and Democratic Representative Howard W. Smith of Virginia. It is not nearly so formal or sinister an operation as is supposed. To be sure, it is possible, on rare occasions to observe a coalition summit conference. However, despite the fact that Halleck publicly announced his intention of doing "business as usual" with the Southerners at the beginning of the Eighty-seventh Congress, Halleck's role as architect of the coalition as well as the strength of the coalition itself appear to have been greatly overstated. Among Southern Democrats as well as Republicans there is a comparatively small core of coalition voters. The rest wander on and off the reservation pretty much at will. The administration has proved—as in its depressed-areas and minimum-wage legislation—that it can break up the coalition from time to time, just as it showed with the Urban Affairs bill that it can all but force it into action. While there may be a certain amount of horse-trading between Halleck and Smith, the coalition is a fairly informal arrangement based primarily on a likeness of mind. "Sometimes," as Clarence Brown puts it, "I coalesce. Sometimes I don't."

Who Makes G.O.P. Policy?

What Halleck's Republican critics object to about the coalition is the tired quality of thought that has led to the likeness of minds. The leadership, they believe, has become hypnotized by its own rhetoric about socialism, spending, and Federal-state relations and hasn't bothered to think about such things for years. "You *could* argue, after all," one says, "that the Social Security approach to medical care for the aged soaks the guy who gets the benefit and is more Republican than grants-in-aid to the states, which is really more of a New Deal approach. That's the sort of thing we should be thinking about." Halleck, however, has apparently not given much thought at all to the various arguments on the subject of medical care. Although Governor Rockefeller announced almost two years ago that he considered Social Security the soundest means of financing a medical-care program and although this well-known difference between him and Nixon was one of the problems that had to be ironed out in the 1960 party platform, Halleck seemed

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unaware as late as this winter of the Rockefeller position. "Well, I have not seen a report to that effect from Governor Rockefeller," he said to a television interviewer who questioned him about it, "but if that is true, then he and I differ." Such incidents tend to bear out his critics' complaints. "Halleck doesn't read books," one says. "He doesn't even read the bills." When I asked Halleck what he thought of the charge that he and the rest of the House leadership were failing to keep themselves informed, he replied, "You can read a hell of a lot that's not true."

Deciding what is and isn't true happens to be one of Halleck's party functions these days, and it is difficult to determine exactly how the policies he enunciates are formed. He does not, he told me, consider Congress to be bound to the domestic programs set forth in the party platform, and on matters of defense and foreign policy neither he nor Senator Dirksen is particularly expert. When they called for the resumption of atmospheric nuclear tests some time ago, for example, they were reflecting what was described merely as a decision of the joint leadership without benefit even of House Republican Policy Committee backing. This lack of authority—documentary as well as personal—with which the joint leadership speaks to the nation is one of the chief complaints against the "Ev and Charlie Show."

Among Republicans in the House there are two separate views about how policy is made. Some believe it "builds up from the base." Others believe it "trickles down from the top." Policy Committee Chairman John W. Byrnes believes that in fact it goes both ways. What is clear is that policy is formed in a fairly haphazard way and with uneven results. To be sure, Halleck reactivated the House Policy Committee, which was dormant under Martin's leadership. But its functions are still limited. It rarely initiates legislation and doesn't take a stand on a bill until the bill is ready for final consideration. The Policy Committee, moreover, is selected on a geographical basis rather than on a basis of special skill or interest. Its staff is small and either unwilling or unable to tackle many major projects. And the Policy Committee has been notoriously slow to encourage the introduction of alternative Republican programs, announcing instead at the last minute how it feels about what the Democrats have been doing.

THE SLUGGISHNESS of the Policy Committee and Halleck's disinclination to press for alternative programs constitute the real source of Republican dissatisfaction with the leadership, and it is shared by Republicans of every political stripe. "This party isn't divided between liberals and conservatives," one said. "It's divided between people who want to sit on their bottom and not do anything and those who want to do something." For all his vigor as a floor manager, Halleck is considered an essentially lazy and defeatist figure. When there happen to be energetic members on an appropriate committee—as was true in the field of depressed areas—they will draft a bill the Republicans can vote for. Most of the time they must choose between crippling, blocking, or going along with the Democratic program. One curious result of this problem has been the image of

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loyal Republican opposition as one that can be naughty most of the time but will go along with Democrats if the issue is really grave. Implicit is the assumption that the Democrats are right.

In the last few weeks many Republicans, Halleck included, have been answering charges of negativism by pointing with pride to the passing of a manpower-retraining bill in the House that was drafted in good part by Congressman Charles E. Goodell of New York. "It is a clear refutation" that the Republicans in Congress are negative, Halleck said. Significantly, the bill was the result of a study officially sponsored by the Policy Committee and conducted by a group of reputable economists and labor experts at the insistence of some Republican congressmen. Halleck, who is said to have resisted the project at the beginning, has only lately become enthusiastic about the results. Had the Republicans themselves been a little freer with publicity on their project and a little quicker to get it under way, they would have won more credit for their efforts.

Opposition Is Not Enough

Whether Halleck will now encourage the further studies and initiatives being urged is not clear. At the moment, House Republicans are bringing pressure to bear on him to do something about the inequitable ratio of staffing between the majority and minority members. "There is not a single staff expert responsible to the minority party on ten critical house committees. . . . ," Roscoe Drummond wrote recently, adding that "some highly placed Republican members of the committees have preferred accepting a few personal perquisites . . ." instead. Though the article was read into the *Congressional Record* by Peter Frelinghuysen, Jr., of New Jersey and a number of members have urged the leadership to challenge the Democrats on the floor on the issue, Halleck told me he thinks the Drummond articles are "as wrong as they can be." Restless members, on the other hand, argue that the lack of staff—researchers, and experts in various fields—prevents them from effectively challenging the Democrats and often from even filing minority reports. They hope that the combined pressure of their efforts and the national Republican stirrings will convince Halleck of the need to improve the minority staff work and enable the "constructive conservatives" to function as an effective opposition. They are far from certain that he will be convinced. Thus far at any rate, Halleck appears to view the stirrings as a simple power play. "There are five or six guys he thinks want the leadership," a congressman says. "He won't put them in the spotlight."

As long as Halleck continues his present course, he may block Democratic legislation but he will also allow the Democrats to appear to be the party with ideas. It is the consensus of the dissatisfied Republicans in the House that the function of a responsible opposition is to keep the party in power on its toes—with constructive criticism and alternative proposals. As it is, the administration gets a great deal of credit for at least having a domestic program. It may be blocked, but it is seldom convincingly challenged. No matter whether they deserve it or not, Charles Halleck seems determined to make the Democrats look good.

Ecuador on a Tightrope

J. DAVID BOWEN

QUITO

THERE IS an informal courthouse atmosphere about the Palace of Government, where the recently installed government of Carlos Julio Arosemena Monroy is struggling with the future of Ecuador, the country many people fear will be Fidel Castro's first base on the South American continent. At any hour there are at least twenty petitioners standing around the chilly, high-ceilinged offices, waiting for the president or his secretary of administration to appear. A legless beggar hoists himself up the stone steps, past an impressive mural that exalts Ecuador's claim to the upper Amazon. There are stern-faced guards with fixed bayonets at the doors and a garrison inside, but anyone may enter.

On January 18, twelve thousand anti-Communists defied a government order against street demonstrations and marched to the palace. Along the avenue called 10th of August, householders and shopowners came to their doors with basins of cold water so that marchers could ease the sting of tear-gas bombs thrown by mounted police. Housewives, students, lawyers in double-breasted suits, and prosperous Indian market women chanted, "Are we breaking with Cuba or not?," "No Communism in Ecuador!," and "Death to Castro!" Finally police allowed the leaders onto the palace balcony so they could address the crowd in the plaza below. The secretary of administration, Gonzalo Almeida Urrutia, came out and a woman Conservative leader poked her finger in his chest and fired questions at him. The minister of government came out too, a soft-faced man named Dr. Leonardo Cornejo Sánchez. He admitted to the clamorous crowd that he might have erred in prohibiting public meetings. "But it seems criminal to me," he said, "that while Ecuadorians are dying of hunger, others fight each other in the streets over extraneous issues."

There was a disturbance when a leader of the Liberal Party, to which the minister belongs, berated his colleague hoarsely from the street for taking part in a meeting of reactionaries. But Cornejo said what the crowd wanted to hear: "I am anti-Communist. ["Tell it to Arosemena!" someone shouted.] And as long as I am minister of government, Communism will not climb those steps." For the first time there were cheers. Soon afterward, the meeting dispersed.

POLITICS here is invigorating and direct. As former President Galo Plaza Lasso pointed out, "In Chile, a country with an extremely conservative government, you would

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have great difficulty getting an anti-Communist demonstration in the streets." Advance men of the Peace Corps in Ecuador report an enthusiastic reception. On the other hand, the anti-Communist demonstrations did not deter the government from joining the minority at Punta del Este that opposed full sanctions against Cuba.

To the U.S. embassy, the situation is nerve-racking As usual, a major occupation is Communist-watching, and there is a lot to watch in Ecuador. The Communist Party is legal. Cuba runs a well-staffed Embassy, and the five-man staff of the Cuban news agency, Prensa Latina, is larger than any competitor in Quito. Newspaper editors in the provinces report that their Communist competition that used to be run out of a hat in somebody's spare time now supports a small staff. The Ecuadorian Workers' Confederation and its satellite organizations for coastal workers and Indian peasants are still run by professional Communist organizers. The University Students' Federation, after a year in Liberal hands, returned to Communist control in December when the democratic forces split into three camps.

A lot of paper and ink have been spent in speculation on whether or not President Arosemena—son and grandson of presidents and former counsel for Yankee firms in Ecuador—is a friend of ours. As vice-president, he succeeded to the presidency last November 9 after the forced resignation of Dr. José María Velasco Ibarra, an aging rabble rouser who had reneged on grandiose campaign promises and was carrying on an open flirtation with Castro. Arosemena came to power with support from the entire political spectrum, including the Communists. Ultimately, the armed forces supported him too, after a twelve-hour attempt to install a rightist régime. He has been walking a limp highwire ever since, beholden to everybody and yet to nobody.

The picture is further complicated by the fact that after twenty-seven years of Velasquismo (Velasco had four nonconsecutive terms as president, finished only one of them), real political colorations are sometimes obscure. The president himself, once a fervent Velasquista, is an example. He is clearly a man of the Left but has no known party leanings. He has clung to a policy of trying to offend no one, at least until local and congressional elections in June give some idea of the relative strength of the parties. "For the time being, Arosemena himself doesn't know who his friends are," one official told me.

Can the president hold his coalition cabinet together until June? Probably not, especially since the parties of the Right broke with Arosemena over Ecuador's stand at Punta del Este. If he does give his administration the "definition" that both Right and Left are crying for, which way will he go? Even the U.S. embassy is divided on that question. Some members of our military mis-

sion are convinced that Arosemena is a conscious tool of the Communists. They are impatient with the political officers who discount intelligence reports of guerrilla training in the coastal provinces.

Which Way Is Left?

If you wonder why the professionals are confused, try to interpret this intricate record:

November 9, 1961: Arosemena, in his first speech as president, says: "I have been asked also that we maintain relations with Cuba. I don't know that Ecuador has broken relations with Cuba, and if we had broken them we would renew them." Radio Havana, reported by Agence France-Presse, comments, "This victory fills us with jubilation."

Mid-November: Arosemena unveils his "government of concentration." His cabinet is generally conceded to be excellent, including moderate Socialists, Liberals, a Conservative, and a Christian Socialist. The latter is Dr. Francisco Acosta Yepez as minister of foreign relations; he is no friend of Cuba. The defense ministry and the armed forces' high command are staunchly anti-Communist. But many secondary posts go to Communists and fellow travelers. Among them are the subsecretary of government, the subsecretary of labor, the director of propaganda in the ministry of education, and the news editor of the national radio, which now frequently broadcasts Prensa Latina dispatches.

Early December: Former President Plaza Lasso, an old friend of the United States, is asked by Arosemena to undertake a mission as his personal representative to Washington, mostly to negotiate needed loans. The conservative U.S. press cries out that this is a ruse. Plaza admits he is "no friend of this government," has not spoken to Arosemena for twelve years. But the mission is a success. Senator Hubert Humphrey spends two days in Quito, declares that the new government is "not leftist."

December 16: The Communist-dominated Ecuadorian Workers' Confederation brings in twelve thousand Indians for a "peasant congress" in Quito. The president is on the dais while Víctor Zuñiga, the Leninist and ex-schoolteacher who runs the confederation, shouts, "We want to make Ecuador a second Cuba!" (Constant mention of Cuba and Castro seems to evoke no recognition from the crowd.) Later the president, doubtless grateful for the rain which reduced the time he was able to speak to five minutes, says, "We are with the United States, but we are also with the Soviet Union and with Cuba."

December 17: At a similar rally in the coastal town of Milagro, Arosemena responds to cries of "Fidel and Carlos Julio!" with "I don't know this man. Carlos Julio Arosemena will be for Carlos Julio Arosemena until the day he dies."

December 31: The president, attired in bathing shorts and straw hat, receives the Cuban undersecretary for foreign affairs, Carlos Olivares, at the beach resort of Manglaralto. The representative of Cas-

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tro's "proletarian" government looks pretty silly in a dark double-breasted suit. The picture is in all the newspapers.

January 1: After a second meeting with Olivares, this time in private, Ecuador announces a stand of strict neutrality on Cuba.

And so on.

NOTHING that Arosemena has said or done gets brought up more regularly than his controversial trip to Eastern Europe last summer while he was still vice-president. There is a myth that the trip was his own idea and that he carried it out from the beginning in defiance of Velasco's orders. Even the United States Information Service brochure for visiting journalists says, "Following his return from this trip, which was disapproved by President Velasco, it became evident that there was a growing split between the two."

Actually, the trip was ordered by Velasco to begin with, in response to a regular invitation through the foreign ministry. It fitted well with his gentle blackmail of the United States. Then it became known that Ambassador Stevenson would be visiting Ecuador at the same time. Forty-eight hours before departure time, Velasco changed his mind. But the vice-president refused to be treated "like an ordinary errand boy," as he put it later. He went. President Arosemena asks almost every American visitor, "What is wrong with going to Russia? Mr. Nixon went. Is he a Communist?"

It is possible that Moscow offered to support Arosemena in unseating Velasco on a "pay later" basis. In any case, when Arosemena returned to Ecuador in July he challenged his boss in these words: "The people want changes. If they get them, there can be forty years of Velasquismo. If they don't, there will not even be four years." The words were prophetic.

Ecuador is a half-medieval, half-modern country of four and a half million inhabitants. Until the Panama Canal was completed in 1914, it was as remote as Tasmania. In the intervening years, the port of Guayaquil has grown from sixty thousand to nearly half a million—seventy per cent of whom live in more or less abject poverty, according to the Inter-American Development Bank. Quito, the capital, on a narrow plateau 9,250 feet high in the rugged Andes, never felt the breath of world affairs until airplane service became common after the Second World War. It has changed more since that time than in the four hundred years before that.

The countryside has changed far less. *Huasipungo* is still the most common form of landholding—a euphemism for peonage under which the peasant pays with four or five days of labor a week for the use of a few acres of inferior land. Domestic service is required of peasant women and children.

Serfs in the Andes

In the valley of Los Chillos, twenty minutes' drive from Quito, I asked a leather-faced *huasipunguero* if he had ever been to the capital. He smiled emptily. I asked if he knew the name of the big city, the capital of his country. In answer, he shrugged. "Do you know the name of your country?" I asked. He assured me that he did—and told me the name of his master's estate.

Most of the rural population is Indian—forty to sixty per cent of the total population, depending on how you define an Indian. Most of the Indians own no land whatever and speak only Quechua, the language of their Inca ancestors. Practically all are illiterate. The Indian of the Andes is supposed to have as conservative a nature as anyone in the world. But inevitably roads and cheap transistor radios have brought a desire for change. Perhaps the most significant thing about the trumped-up Indian congress in Quito last December is that six hundred of the "delegates" refused to go home and are still in the capital—most of them looking for work.

The middle class, to which the present government is allied, is mainly mestizo—of mixed blood. As in other Andean countries, these people have a strong feeling of superiority over the Indian, whatever their political protestations. They have an equally strong feeling of inferiority toward foreigners, a fact that increases their nationalism. In a largely illiterate population, university students are a very influential minority. With the labor confederation, the students' federation ranks as one of the most powerful political forces in Ecuador—more powerful at the moment than any one of the regular parties. This has been the price of Velasquismo.

The small really wealthy class is linked closely by ties of family and money. Guayaquil, the commercial center of Ecuador, is its center. Despite Velasco's erratic radicalism, this is where he got his important support. It's the old story: Velasco's grandiose public works were good business and his strong-arm techniques could be counted on in a crisis.

It is surprisingly easy for the Communists to find allies among the more shortsighted ultraconservatives of Guayaquil. Just recently, the head of the Communist Party of Guayas Province—a labor lawyer and a member of the Provincial Council—contracted his services to a left-wing employees' group in the Banco La Previsora to help organize a union. As his work proceeded, the bank's board of directors decided to fight back. They approached the Communist organizer and encouraged him to organize Guayaquil's other banks too, so that their competition would have no advantage.

THERE IS ONE other important factor in the Ecuadorian situation: fear of Peru. In January of 1942, the Protocol of Rio de Janeiro halved the area of Ecuador (to about 106,000 square miles) by depriving the country of most of its Amazonian territory, after Peruvian forces occupied them in a lightning action. The pact is guaranteed by Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and the United States, but it has been denounced by both Velasco and Arosemena. (In December, 1960, after the guarantor powers refused to review the protocol, Arosemena sent an open letter to Velasco in which he suggested that Ecuador "study the advisability of withdrawing from the Inter-American system.")

Whatever the rights and wrongs of this excessively complicated dispute, two things are certain: (1) The protocol was pushed through when the war in the Pacific had just burst upon us and Pan-American squabbles were highly inconvenient. (2) It has become a symbol of national

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degradation for Ecuadorians—and a handy device for distracting them from more urgent matters.

This is the situation that President Arosemena has to work with. It is the same situation that his predecessor faced; but despite Velasco's ability to harangue a mob, he was not half the politician that Arosemena is. He was an ivory-tower intellectual whose pro-Castro leanings were the result of pure infatuation, whose policy toward the Rio Protocol was pure *buffo,* whose program of reform was pure fiction, and whose attitude toward any opposition was simply blind. Almost until his last day as president, he could not believe that his "glorious *chusma*" (crowd) did not love him still.

A Cloud over Castro

Arosemena is a realist. Within the limits of his own leftist convictions, he will ultimately come down on the side where the power seems to lie. For a time, this seemed clearly to be at a spot far left of Center. Certainly the left-wing students and labor were his noisiest and best-armed supporters. But several recent developments may have shifted the mark a bit to the Right.

The first was Castro's confession that he was a Communist from the start. This discouraged many sincere radicals who had continued to admire the Cuban revolution, and mobilized the Church. Then, on December 12, Castro's militia chased a group of fleeing Cubans onto the grounds of the Ecuadorian Embassy in Havana, causing several deaths. This affront to Ecuadorian sovereignty was intolerable to the sensitive national pride. It caused the first anti-Castro demonstrations in the country. The third development was the growing arrogance of the extreme leftist groups that had played a part in Velasco's fall. Acts of vandalism against churches, the homes of Cuban exiles, conservative leaders, and ex-Velasquistas were committed.

Finally there was the meeting of foreign ministers at Punta del Este. Ecuador voted with the minority opposing full sanctions against Cuba, partly because not to do so would have meant following an initiative of its enemy, Peru. But the Punta del Este meeting did crystallize anti-Communist sentiment in the country. There is no longer any question, despite the government's insistence that Cuba is an "extraneous issue," that Ecuadorians in the cities consider it of the greatest importance—and that although they are deeply divided on it, pro-Castro feeling is not as strong as it seemed a few months ago.

How Long Will He Last?

More than anything else, Arosemena wants to keep his job until the end of his term in August, 1964, and if

possible to gain the reputation of a statesman. To do that, he must soon make good on his promises of agrarian and tax reform. He has already persuaded the landowners, who at their annual congress in Quito in January agreed in principle to turn over lands to the peasants who have worked them.

Tax reforms, according to OAS experts, ought to come first. Manuel Naranjo, the young Socialist who heads Ecuador's ministry of the treasury, told me: "Ecuador has 201 indirect taxes, most of them on items of everyday use. By the end of March we have promised to present a unification of consumer taxes, and to replace many of them by a progressive income tax."

But no one gives Arosemena's cabinet much chance of holding together very long. The remarkable thing is that it survived the post-Punta del Este crisis that rocked other parts of the continent. The Social Christian Movement withdrew its support from Arosemena and talked of expelling Foreign Minister Acosta from its ranks—but he remains. The Conservative Party disassociated itself from Ecuador's vote—but its cabinet representative remains too. Apparently nobody wants to precipitate a crisis now. Even the Communists, with their flimsy Popular Revolutionary Movement, know they cannot do to Arosemena what they did to Velasco. Not yet, at any rate—not unless they can stall reforms long enough to bring the country with them again. It is already apparent that they are not satisfied with the hand they hold and would be happy to have the whole thing declared a misdeal. At the labor-union headquarters, leather-jacketed Víctor Zuñiga put it to me politely: "We do not have the confidence in this government that we had two months ago."

U.S. Embassy reports don't give Arosemena much chance for survival. Many Ecuadorian journalists agree. But the realization is growing that only the Communists can benefit ultimately from his fall.

If Arosemena does go, his immediate successor is almost certain to be far to the Right. Ever since the army grudgingly followed the navy and air force in support of Arosemena's constitutional claim to the presidency, it has been preparing to resist a swerve to the Left. A constitutional succession would also bring in a military man; Vice-President Reinaldo Varea Donoso is a retired army colonel.

But the Communists are used to looking much further ahead. They know that the temper of Ecuador is basically leftist and that no military junta will be tolerated for long. The experience with Velasco proved again that the most oppressive government provides the best milieu for agitation and propaganda, for violence and the creation of heroes.

Solid, slow progress is the last thing Ecuador's Communists want. If the Conservatives keep their heads, it may come in spite of them.

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Dropouts to Nowhere

Too many kids are unskilled, unschooled, and unemployed

NAOMI BARKO

When dropouts get to an employment agency, they have no skills and very little idea of how to go about getting a job.

THE East Harlem Youth Employment Service office is a long, narrow storefront, as easy to walk into as the grocery stores, the linoleum shops, and the gaudy-windowed *iglesias* that make their shabby way along upper Second Avenue. Just behind the plate-glass window, on wooden folding chairs, sit the job seekers, some obviously anxious, some affecting a more or less convincing nonchalance.

"Yeah, I'm a dropout," a young man named David told me. "I'm sixteen, went to Machine and Metal Trades for two years. But I kept getting into fights.

"No, I didn't have much trouble with school. Got good marks in math and science." He smiled at my look of surprise. "Yeah, the grade adviser kept telling me I'd be all right if I could keep away from those other kids. I even tried another school." He shrugged. "You can't keep away from it."

He has worked before. "My father was a mason, but I didn't take to that too well. It was boring. I thought there must be jobs that aren't boring.

"I've been looking for three or four months now," he admitted. "They don't send me out much, because of my age I guess. Maybe I'll get a shipping-clerk or messenger job now . . . just something to occupy my day."

Over in West Harlem the office of the Youth Employment Service (optimistically abbreviated as YES) is in the basement of a YMCA. It was there not long ago that a boy named Howard, huddled in an overstuffed leather armchair, told me another classic version of the dropout story. Now seventeen, he has been out of school and in and out of odd jobs for a year.

"I wasn't doing so well," he confessed. "Wasn't making time. I had a year and a half to go, but it just didn't seem worth staying in. Everybody gets sick and tired of school. Everybody quits. I thought it would be easy to get a job, and maybe go to night school. But it isn't. I guess I shouldn't have done it.

"My father? Oh, he doesn't live with us. I don't know what he does. My mother . . . she cleans up places.

"I'd sure like to work in an office. That seems like nice work. Not a little office, a big one."

These are the out-of-school, out-of-work youngsters whom Dr. James B. Conant calls "social dynamite," whom Secretary Abraham Ribicoff calls "a terrible waste," and who Secretary Arthur Goldberg says pose "potentially the most dangerous social condition in America today." There are now nearly a million of them. Some are dropouts, some are among the still not completely counted number of high-school graduates who cannot find work in an increasingly specialized and competitive job market.

UNEMPLOYMENT in the under-twenty-four age group has been at least twice as high, and has been rising at a faster rate, than that of older age groups ever since 1950. The National Committee on Employment of Youth, the major private agency in the field, estimates that in Negro slum neighborhoods, youth unemployment runs as high as thirty-five to forty per cent, with a fifty per cent rate for dropouts. Up until very recently, as Dr. Conant says, the employment of youth has been "literally nobody's affair."

Much is already known about the dropouts. Many, like Howard, are backward students with severe reading and arithmetic problems. Others, like David—the latest Bureau of Labor statistics dropout study shows seventy per cent—have normal intelligence or better. But almost all of them, whether they come from subsistence-level farms or big-city slums, have parents with low incomes, little education, and very low vocational aspirations.

"These kids think I have a job machine out in back," I was told by John Koestner, the counselor at the East Harlem YES office.

"They all want to work in offices!" exclaimed Frank Broughton in West Harlem. "Some of them even come in with minimum salary requirements."

"Many of these kids have no knowledge of work," Koestner told me. "When you ask them what their fathers do, a lot of them just say, 'He works.' " Less than fifty per cent of the families in the neighborhood Koestner serves made as much as $2,000 last year.

"They have no idea of how to present themselves to an employer," according to Broughton. "The girls will come in with crazy hair-dos, the boys with loud shirts, not completely clean. They sit down without being asked. They begin a job interview by telling an employer what they don't want to do."

"So many of these kids," said Koestner, "don't have much contact with the white world. They're scared of going downtown. They may only have been there a few times before, to go to a Forty-second Street movie. I had a very neat, pretty Puerto Rican girl here once. I wanted to send her to a fashionable florist in the the East Fifties. She got the job eventually, but I had to talk to her about an hour before she

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would go. 'They won't like me down there,' she kept saying."

Skillful counseling can deal with problems like these, and YES, which was designed especially for dropouts, does manage to place a significant number. But agencies like YES, which is maintained by the New York State Employment Service, are still rare. Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, and Philadelphia are among the few large cities where this kind of counseling is available.

Even if there were more of them, however, they could not begin to touch an even more widespread and basic problem—that of skills. Lack of preparation for work is not only a problem of dropouts. There is increasing evidence to show that a good many high-school graduates are not much better off.

In Newark, the Urban League is completing a study of unemployment among high-school graduates in Negro slum areas. "We found one high school," a League official told me, "where all the Negroes in the graduating class of January, 1961, were unemployed five months later. There were thirty-three boys, all with academic diplomas, and twenty girls, all of whom took commercial courses. It wasn't hard," he says, "to find out why they were out of work. The thirty-three boys subsequently took the Army general classification test. All failed. They didn't even have a fourth-grade reading level. Some of the girls, who were supposed to be typists, couldn't type thirty words a minute."

Frustration in the Faculty

Even the briefest excursion into the schools reveals what the trouble is. The great tide of youth that threatens to flood the labor market has already overwhelmed the schools.

Many vocational high schools have been unable to keep up with advances in industry. A 1957 National Manpower Council report noted that it was possible to study cabinetmaking in high schools in more than three hundred communities, but that courses for typewriter and office-machine repairmen were given in only twelve, and for industrial laboratory technicians in only three. Vocational educators point out that they cannot compete with industry in hiring the skilled workers who could teach such courses. And even if they could, they say, many of their students could not pass them. They complain that their schools have become a dumping ground for youngsters who do poor academic work.

The teachers, however, are almost placid in comparison to the guidance people. In a junior high school in Bedford-Stuyvesant, one of Brooklyn's worst slum areas, a guidance counselor responsible for six hundred children told me: "The number of disturbed kids in an area like this is fantastically high, and I only get to see a fraction of those. The normal children I never get to see at all. I'm supposed to be helping them with educational and vocational problems. But I'm not. I'm working as a psychiatrist. And I'm not a psychiatrist!"

The ideal ratio of guidance personnel to students, most educators agree, is one to 250. The national average ratio is now about one to 550, and according to the U.S. Office of Education, a third of all guidance counselors do not meet minimum certification requirements. Fortunately, the guidance gap is decreasing, thanks largely to the National Defense Education Act of 1958, which makes Federal funds available to state guidance programs.

Several school systems, particularly New York's, have also recently undertaken experimental programs to try to develop curricula for under-par students, to catch emotional and learning problems in the early grades, to improve reading, and to increase the motivation of those classified as culturally deprived. But the money needed to develop these programs is still not available.

MEANWHILE, in the labor market, employers are raising educational requirements for hiring. Most large firms will not even consider a dropout. Many not only insist on diplomas but take care to check the kind of diploma as well as the applicant's school record. Others now also want applicants, particularly boys, to show signs of advancement potential. Some will not even hire a graduate if he is under eighteen. Given minimum-wage laws, many simply prefer older workers. Trade-union exclusion policies are another barrier. Some of these are based on age, but more on nepotism. Although apprenticeships are considered an excellent method of training and although forty-five per cent more skilled craftsmen will be needed in the next fifteen years, only 225,000 apprentices are now being trained throughout the country. The 1961 report of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission documents another familiar and bitter fact: that the unions' programs are also helping to perpetuate discrimination. In St. Louis, the commission's report notes, out of 1,767 apprentices only seven were Negroes. In New York State, two per cent of apprentices were Negroes, in Detroit less than two per cent, in New Jersey less than one-half of one per cent.

All of these barriers must finally be measured against the ultimate one: there are simply not enough jobs to go around. As one union official asked recently, "What do you want to do—take the job away from the father and give it to the son?"

Gray Areas and Higher Horizons

There are many angry questions—and, as yet, not enough answers. Many approaches are being tried. In answer to widely heard calls for business, labor, and agency people to get together, several cities and states have set up mayors' and governors' committees on youth unemployment. President Kennedy's new committee, which includes the presidents of the National Association of Manufacturers, of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and of the AFL-CIO, and the executive director of the National Urban League, along with Secretary Goldberg and Dr. Conant, is itself such a response. Probably the most complete service is Detroit's Job Upgrading Program, which offers counseling on appearance and manners and on-the-job training as well as placement. The United States Employment Service's eighteen hundred offices are now putting a new emphasis on youth services. The Service already has counselors for graduates at nearly half the nation's high schools, and is now extending its counseling and aptitude testing to dropouts.

Some cities try to catch the prospective dropout and offer him some useful training before he leaves school. Such is the case in Indian-

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apolis, where Wood High School offers courses in skills lower than those taught in the regular vocational schools. The courses, which include such subjects as auto-body repairing, barbering, and dry cleaning, are geared to job openings in the community. Advisory committees of businessmen, union representatives, and others help plan courses, get contributions of equipment and funds, and find jobs.

Efforts have also been under way to improve the level of big-city schooling. A notable program is the Ford Foundation-financed Great Cities Gray-Area Project, which has studied problems of slum schooling in ten cities across the country. Each project is different, but all seek to relate school services to the total problems of the neighborhood, including housing, health, welfare, recreation, and crime. Still the most dramatic program in this area is New York City's Higher Horizons, now functioning in sixty-five elementary and junior high schools. In the two graduating classes that have so far gone through the complete program, there were forty per cent more children finishing high school and 350 per cent more going on to college than before. Similar projects are now under way in other cities in New York State, in St. Louis, and in the District of Columbia, and an important part of the administration's request for $5.7 billion in aid to education is intended to stimulate more of them.

THE Federal program most directly aimed at youth unemployment is the Youth Employment Opportunities bill, which, though strongly supported by interested people across the country, failed to get through Congress last year. The original bill calls for a $275-million pilot program to set up a Youth Conservation Corps and to provide on-the-job training in private industry as well as in local and state government enterprises.

There is still a chance that the bill, or at least some of its provisions, will be passed during the current session of Congress. But despite all the good work being done, many boys like David must still wait without much hope for "just something to occupy my day."

VIEWS & REVIEWS

From Main Street To Madison Avenue

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

SINCLAIR LEWIS is out of fashion, and it may be for not wearing well enough artistically; but surely it is also because his books are out of date. The two most famous of them once pressed their titles into the language: *Main Street,* through Lewis, came to symbolize what was most repressive and parochial in small-town life; and *Babbitt* still stands for a type not readily described by any name but his own. But it is a type we today are not so often given to describe: it still abundantly exists but it also, thanks to Lewis, in some sense became aware of itself and altered itself. If it never quite changed its spots, it did at times change its blind spots, it veneered certain prejudices, revised certain perspectives. A generation after *Babbitt,* Babbitt, rather than sniffing at a trip to Europe, had much oftener gone there; and dining out, did not always order steak or roast beef; and dining at home, looked neither fearful nor fretful at something unprecedented in a casserole; and wheresoever dining, did not always talk shop or sport. He undoubtedly played golf, but sometimes in summer tagged after his wife into antique shops; he certainly played cards, but by way of crossword puzzles had ascended to word games; and if he laughed at Greenwich Village, there was better reason to laugh at it now, and better people laughed with him. If he was a bore, there he conceivably surpassed his earlier self, knowing by now far more to be boring about.

In any case, by now he had become thematically a bore, and to those likeliest to scrutinize him he had hardly more than historical value. The sociologist had moved on to something else, the satirist to something different. Beyond what a Depression and a New Deal and a World War had brought about, life had itself subtly altered; Babbitt had

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grown a little more like other people, and other people perhaps a little more like him. Horizons, over the years, have perhaps not been drastically widened but areas have been decidedly enlarged. Consciously or not, two former enemies have shown a willingness to meet each other halfway. As Babbitt started up the stairs, Culture started down, and if the two have not yet met, they are within hailing distance of each other and any day will swap pleasantries on the landing. For where Babbittry seemed confined to the world of business, the long arm of conformity now embraces a much wider cultural world; has altered the Main-Street-that-was no less than the Babbitt.

THE OLD parochial teaspooning of conformity has given way to a new nation-wide ladling of it. This has, of course, its advantages, all the mechanized ones that bring greater ease and convenience to life. But standardization, in terms of time-saving devices, has universal endorsement. It is only where it makes for time-wasting proclivities that protest starts entering in. For the added leisure of small-town life has in general become wholly standardized leisure. After dinner, on goes the dishwasher; then, thirty seconds later, the TV. And thanks to such teamwork, Main Street's taste for gossip, or interest in sex, has grown far more cosmopolitan. In fact, that demolition of privacy which is perhaps TV's supreme gift to the nation now titillates with its innuendoes, and enchants with its inquiries, and instructs with its responses, all those who once happily wiped the dishes smiling over the local gossip —an old maid's yearning for the minister, a young man's craving for the bottle.

For ours is a much changed world from Babbitt's. It has changed under our very noses, through such striking phenomena as TV and Exurbia and air travel. And in cultural terms Babbitt has very often changed with it. When, as time passed, he found that his son didn't want to go into the family paint business but favored architecture, he wasn't likely to get upset. As a matter of fact, where ten years earlier a "modern" house was something for Babbitt to hoot at, in ten years more it would be something he might even want to build. And, more time passing, Babbitt's world acquired more windows—indeed, great wide picture windows—to look out of upon a more spacious and indeed a more picturesque world. He discovered too that Art, far from being sissy, had its forms, its sometimes tax-deductible forms, of horse racing; and so in a small way he might take to buying pictures or backing shows. And the ordinary businessman noted that the Big Businessman sat on orchestra and museum boards, and sparked university drives, and gave large sums to cultural projects, and noted too that his architect son was doing as well financially as his other son in house paint.

Babbitt had been split two for one: besides the standard type, there was now an advanced type, a not at all Babbitty Babbitt. Of the old kind there are still exhibits in plenty, most often among the not too big businessmen in not too big communities. Such fellows, once put in orbit, still revolve around a world of locker-room bourbon and poker-

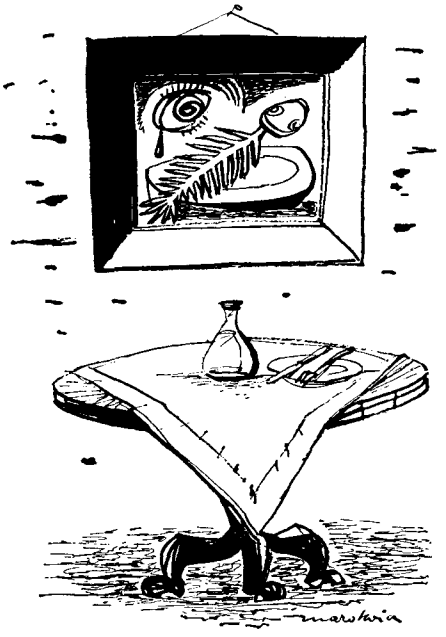

table smut, of the businessman's lunch table with its shop talk and political grumbling, of durable wisecracks and vestigial pieties, of handyman putterings and hand-me-down hobbies, of Saturday-night indelicacy and Sunday-morning decorum. Yet even these Babbitts often acquire vivid glimpses of a world outside, through what their children take for granted or their wives would have a go at.

BUT a far more central figure is the un-Babbittlike Babbitt, in part because so much has vanished or receded of the old Babbitt world. The businessmen's lunch club has been losing out to the executives' dining room; the old atmosphere of private enterprise in a democracy has changed to something that, with its petty distinctions of rank and telltale indications of favor, evokes court life in a nineteenth-century duchy. This new Babbitt inhabits an Organization world with far fewer employers than the old Babbitt's had but with many more executives—a world that gives him numerous new and elegant claims to status but always, in the end, the status of an employee. Here, however philistine he may be in grain, he cannot solidify into the earlier Babbitt unless he would petrify as well, and be discarded as deadwood. For if this new role is often just a revamping of the old one, it has so much extended its limits as not to tolerate Babbitt's old limitations. The kind of conformity it insists on requires the lithest adaptability; the intolerances it imposes are not ignorant but informed ones; it demands the flying leap along with the docile lock step, and a bland understanding smile as against stiff disapproving silence. For moving upward, here, means moving outward as well, into all regions of the corporation empire. The corporation empire is a real form of cosmopolitanism; and even at the fairly modest levels where Babbitt's true heirs may wind up, they may still have had jobs in four or five cities; taken trips to four or five countries; been—along with city dwellers—suburbanites, summer residents, resort samplers; while as sound Organization Men they belong to far fewer organizations than Babbitt did. A dinkus in the lapel has given way to credit cards in the wallet, and via the credit cards has come a life of plush restaurants and hotels and night clubs.

The new Babbitt must pursue a Good Neighbor policy with Culture, never knowing when it may pay off: the spin of Babbitt's retorts can be as important as the cut of his clothes,

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and he must needs identify at sight a "list" that includes Stravinsky, Picasso, Bâtard Montrachet, *al dente* —but no, it's less a list than an oculist's chart. With each step further up in the world, he must be able to read a line further down on the chart; Courvoisier stands two lines above Le Corbusier, and Robert Frost one line above C. P. Snow.

YET THIS newer Babbitt, though just a step or two from a meeting with Culture, is not a quintessential figure of the New World. For elsewhere, by now, Business and Culture actually *have* met. Hostile to Culture a mere generation ago, Big Business today plays eager host to it; in fact, their relationship has not only its decided rapprochements, it has its amusing reversals. Like a married couple, the two are acquiring each other's characteristics. Culture, in a very real sense, is becoming Big Business: as against Industry's knack for making money, Culture has learned the art of raising it. This reversal is so complete that where the college receives five thousand shares of stock from a large corporation, the corporation's president receives from the college the degree of Doctor of Letters. I sometimes wonder how farfetched it is—or merely how far distant—to see a great symphony orchestra owned, flute, fiddle, and snare drum, by a great corporation; or the Metropolitan Opera, shall we say, owned by the Metropolitan Life; and so with graduate schools, art museums, libraries. And such arrangements might have fewer drawbacks than existing ones. Certainly the whole vexing, taxing matter of money raising would be once and for all abolished; problems of budgetry could be much curtailed, while matters of policy could largely be set straight at the outset. Perhaps this would be just another reversal, or reversion, to the world of the court painter and the king's mummers, but whatever its disadvantages, it would put an end to the savant turned salesman.

Actually, the return to the world of patronage is already in effect—though on a modern rather than Medicean basis—in the form of Foundations. A chief difference is that today patronage does not involve personal relationships; much, indeed, of the money that comes to Culture today comes from the dead, or from the living in their memory. But even more of it comes from giving on perhaps the most attractive basis ever conceived for loving art. There seems to me a first-rate Ph.D. thesis in American culture's precise indebtedness to the tax exemption; nay more, in its really vast dependence on it. Take this in conjunction with rich men's wills, and it becomes almost literal truth that for the sustained support of Culture today, nothing is sure but death and taxes.

The alliance of Business and Culture is at its most beneficent in the endowments and Foundations that carry with them no shackling provisos on Business's part. Once this stops being true, trouble can enter; the voice may be the voice of Culture but the hands are the hands of Business, or even the claws. The cost to Culture of what Business has achieved *for* Culture, say on TV, raises a pretty point in double-entry cultural bookkeeping—and this, need I say, is a quite separate entry from what Business has achieved *against* Culture on TV. But whatever the question of gain and loss from businessmen's fingers in the cultural pie, even larger is the question of gain and loss where those fingers are out of it. The question there, indeed, comes down to how much cultural pie there can be. Consider the Broadway theater world, where Business does almost nothing for Culture and, since almost no one else does either, the theater and Culture (in any pure state, at least) scarcely meet.

WHILE CULTURE has been going into business, Business has been creating a culture of its own. At times the advertisements for a book are better written than the book itself; at times advertising or publicity displays real chic and gaiety, a wittily topical angle, a neat satiric touch. (This is not to be confused with those unbearably chichi and outré ads that no words can do injustice to.) Business hires well-known and well-regarded writers to turn out copy for it; or top show-music composers to do its TV jingles; or top illustrators and even famous painters to project its dreams —or at any rate its customers'. If the great corporations don't yet boast an actual poet or painter in residence, they have certainly their social scientists in harness, their psychologists on call. And business leaders not only, thanks to lion-hunting wives, meet cultural bigwigs at dinner; they meet them by their own contrivance at lunch. Intelligence no longer looks askance at Intellect, Practicality no longer scoffs at Theorizing: beyond acknowledging their aura, Business often grasps their use.

As for Culture greeting Business, there is at times a sense of it not simply descending the staircase but sliding palpitantly down the banister. It gets harder to understand what Culture's right true use should be, so quickly given—or driven—is it to wrong ones. This is not to be foolishly puristic about it: doubtless, to drink one's Culture neat, one must retire to a hermit's cell. And Culture-and-soda can be a quite good drink, with a welcome element of bubbling sociability about it. But Culture-and-syrup is different, and Culture-and-arsenic very different, not because if taken in daily doses it will prove fatal but—quite the reverse—because in time it creates a Mithridatic immunity. Culture, in any case, is being dispensed to more and more people in more and more hybrid forms, with more and more synthetic flavors, with more and more doubtful effects; and by very personable and sinuous bartenders. No one a mere generation ago could have foretold how much miscellaneous knowledge millions of Americans would acquire just from listening to quizzes; or could have foreseen the endless airing of opinion on the air, the prodigious empire of open forums and sunrise classrooms and midnight controversies, the expounding of philosophy, the explaining of poetry, the analysis of art. It is virtually impossible today for anyone who leafs through travel folders or is kept waiting by the dentist not to sop up some damp morsels of Culture. Indeed, it is virtually impossible for even uneducated people to be, in the old sense, ignorant—as it is for "educated" ones not to be in some sense misinformed.

But Culture is not knowledge, is only something dependent on knowledge, something fortified by sound values, purified by sound taste. I use

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the word, thus far, as a kind of absolute, as expressing what makes for truly civilized living whether in society or the self. *The* culture of any particular time or place is of course something else. And the strange fact about American culture today is that Culture, by its alliance with Business, in many ways works for the good of others but to its own disadvantage. This is in part, but only in part, a natural corollary of the democratic process. It means, in a sense, that people come to know more than is good for them because they still do not know quite enough—that they have their taste no less corrupted than corrected by too much awareness of "taste"; that they become subservient to grammar while remaining ignorant of usage; abandon the engagingly coarse for the revoltingly refined; and, while despising the virtues of what they discard, debase the value of what they acquire. Constantly observing this, we cannot but realize—and all the more for believing in political democracy—the great need for a cultural elite.

CULTURE'S ALLIANCE with Demos is clearly a necessary risk boasting obvious rewards. Culture's alliance with Mammon may often seem indistinguishable from this—ours being, to the degree that the two words are of equal importance, a capitalist democracy, and thus a society that couples education with material success. But the two alliances have vital points of difference. That with Mammon is, for one thing, much more recent; for another thing, it is a conscious undertaking on Mammon's part; and, for still another, since Mammon looks to the upper levels, the alliance is in fact an assault on a *potential* elite. Mammon, with his modern sense of enlightened self-interest, wants the best, as, with a modern sense of enlightened self-aggrandizement, he stands ready to pay for it. Mammon's motto, whether formulated or unconscious, appears to be "Take care of the talent, and the truckling will take care of itself." If this seems, on Mammon's part, monstrously cynical, it is also sufficiently realistic, born of experience with those whose kind of talent it would buy.

I use the world "talent" in a pretty literal sense, as meaning those with potentially vivid gifts in words, ideas, imaginations; those able to make some mark or leave some dent on books or plays or movies or journalism, on design and décor, on humor and satire. In other words, I mean those who help create or modify the tone—social, aesthetic, ultimately moral—of an age; *not* those who merely contrive its techniques. Our industrial need for technicians, and the whole partnership of Business with Science, is something else, something much older, something born of America's practical Edisonian inventiveness, wherewith the

Patent Office became a great anteroom to success. In any case, the two alliances now express between them a whole dominant side of our civilization—our merged gift of practical inventiveness and, as it were, of poetical salesmanship.

For we have got way beyond the old ideas of merchandising and advertising. Once, the appeal was that the product outdid all its rivals; today it rests on how enormously, compared with last year's model, it has outdistanced its own self. Once, the appeal was solidly in intrinsic terms of comfort, durability, enjoyment—in other words, how much having it could help you; today it is subtly in terms of fashion pace-setting, social prestige, community leadership—of how much not having it can hurt you. What permeates all this is that, where once the appeal lay in making you contented with your lot, it now lies in keeping you tinglingly dissatisfied. The basis of every status symbol is that it must asperse the status quo, so that you not just live beyond your means; you heap scorn upon your memories. Wherever the standard of living enters in, the past—even the immediate past—is simply a slum.

All this has quite altered consumer psychology: luxury merchandise and the urban market go in more and more for the snobbish overtone or frame of reference. Styles of advertising and of packaging have sufficiently preyed on Culture to become in themselves a minor form of it. But Mammon, it would seem, has a reason beyond the obvious surface one for bringing a stylish touch or an educated accent to salesmanship. There is a sense here of paying Paul to rob Peter, of giving more "art" to the packaging so as to give less of it to the product. In the role of promoter, at any rate, Mammon will sanction a boldness, or a show of real quality, he shrinks from in playing safe as sponsor, or backer, or editor.

Yet Mammon's writing hand is not in the end his whip hand. What is perhaps most significant about the new alliance is a sense of something atmospherically far more cultural but structurally far more Big Businesslike. The new structure is eminently hierarchic, involving executive-above-executive-above-executive, so that everything the gifted copywriter or idea man does, or thinks of doing, must pass through a vast institutional postal service of IN and OUT boxes, a great meteorological area of prevailing cooler heads and counterclockwise rumination and sudden storm clouds or nipping frosts. It is, of course, the enormous magnitude of the operation that has created the whole new world, scarcely conceivable to *Main Street*, of Madison Avenue.

AS THE 1920's opened, commercial radio was in swaddling clothes and TV unthought of; there were no opinion-polling organizations and few fact-finding ones; no huge talent agencies, no book clubs, no network music rights, no non-comic comic strips, no three-, four-, five-way package deals. Accordingly, today's opportunities for the bright, educated, arts-oriented young man are, compared with forty years ago, immensely greater; and are often more than opportunities, are outright invitations. For the right young men have

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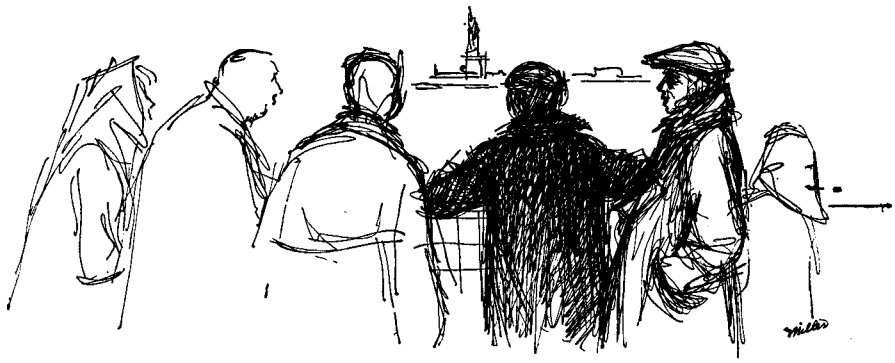
been courted while still in college, receiving from desirable organizations in the outside world the kind of bids they once got from desirable ones on campus. Sometimes the right young men find the right young job, in teaching or research, or with a good magazine or publishing house or museum; but oftener the jobs are about equally composed of promise and menace, of opportunity and opportunism.

There are a lot of bright young men who want no part of this: if culturally plump, they are aesthetically and morally fit and, like most young men in the 1920's, they are anti-bourgeois. Quite often, again, the need for a job can ill-condition the choice of a career. But it is appalling how many good minds and fruitful imaginations are not just driven but propel themselves toward the polluting stream; how many bright young talents are unblushingly pro-bourgeois. And not in the sense of being anti-Bohemian but of being ultimately anti-cultural, of snuffing out human values for creature success. These young men are the particularly melancholy offspring of Culture in the embraces of Mammon, for, occurring at so posh a level, the seduction is of a truly corrupting kind.

Babbitt was Babbitt, part of a world of business that stamped out no finer gifts in him. On the other hand, many of those who might have been part of a cultural elite today populate Madison Avenue. Between them and the Babbitts there is as distinct a difference in attitude as in level. For Babbitt in his confusions was not guileful but gullible, far less unbeliever than man of faith, and very much a romantic. About him there was accordingly something wistful, as there was something painfully deluded about Willy Loman. But Madison Avenue's bright young men are not romantics in the least, are oftener realists of a depressingly cynical sort; not even cynics of a Wildean cast, but such as *know* the value of everything but are yet guided in their decisions by the price.

Many of them—and of course Madison Avenue is nation-wide—gave up too soon, stopped "growing" too early, for us to judge how well they might have fitted a world of high culture. But in their own way they often know all that their betters do, and sometimes more. They know more because, thanks to their jobs, they can afford more—more theater and opera and ballet seats, more books and art books, more records and concert subscriptions, more trips abroad. Doubtless much of what they know comes in tenderized forms or cliché phrases, but much of it is solid and quite unpopularized and manifests appreciation no less than knowledge. They are a new race of Strasbourg geese stuffed with knowledge, whose livers Business presently will feed on. It is difficult to believe what I was told as literal truth, that what certain courted young undergraduates most wanted to know was their potential employers' old-age benefits. And this seemed even more ironic than appalling, in view of how almost every day you read that this or that TV or publicity or agency executive is dead at thirty-nine or forty-two of a heart attack or a cerebral hemorrhage.

But dying early or living long, they highlight the reversed cultural direction of the past forty years, which must be termed in the end a real cultural defeat. For if many Babbitts now march under a less benighted banner and toward somewhat higher ground, from ground far higher there march energetically, emulously downward, a host of bright young men.



One Forever Alien

When I become the land, when they will build
Blast furnaces over me, and lay black asphalt
For hundreds of miles across my ribs, and wheels
Begin to bounce interminably on the bone;
When I enter, at last, America, when I am
Part of her progress, and a true patriot,
And the schoolchildren sing of my sacrifice,
Remembering the burial day of my birth—
Then even the efficient will have to forgive me,
The investigators approve my security,
And those that harden their hearts welcome me home.

Then, in that day, my countrymen,
When I shall come among you fleeced as the lamb
And in the diaper of the grave newly arrayed,
The Adam Qadmon, the greenhorn immigrant,
Shall pass the customs at the port of entry
Where the Guardian Lady lifts her flaming sword.
Forgiven the original sin of his origin,
He comes as a bond redeemed, as newly negotiable,
To be as a soy bean before you.

—Howard Nemerov

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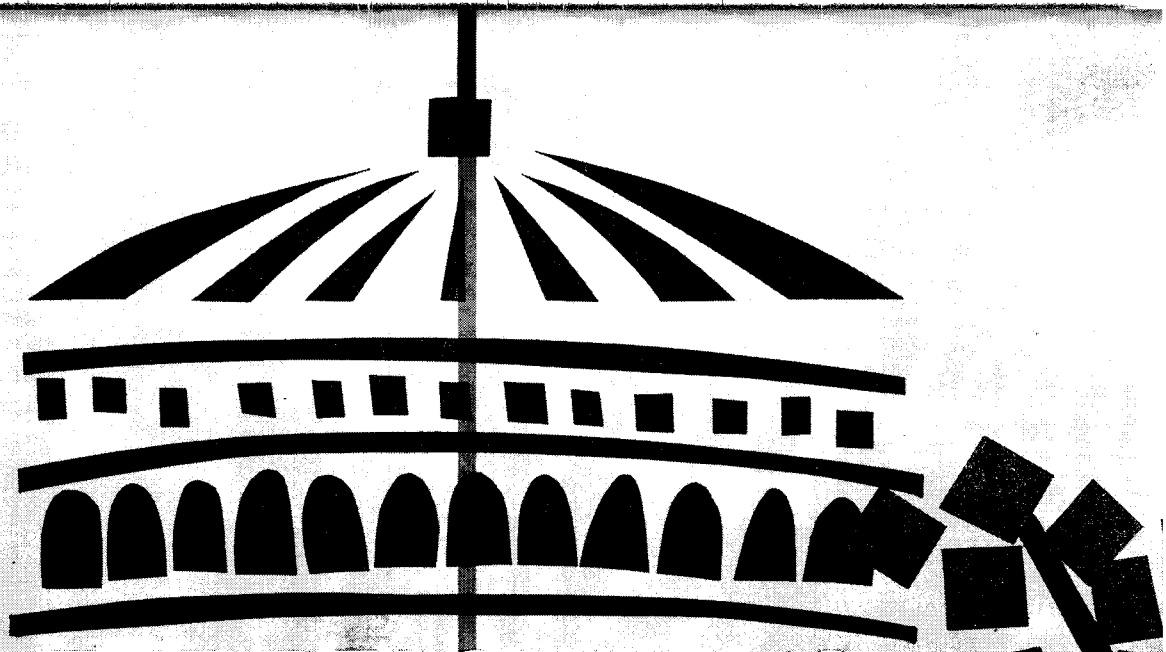

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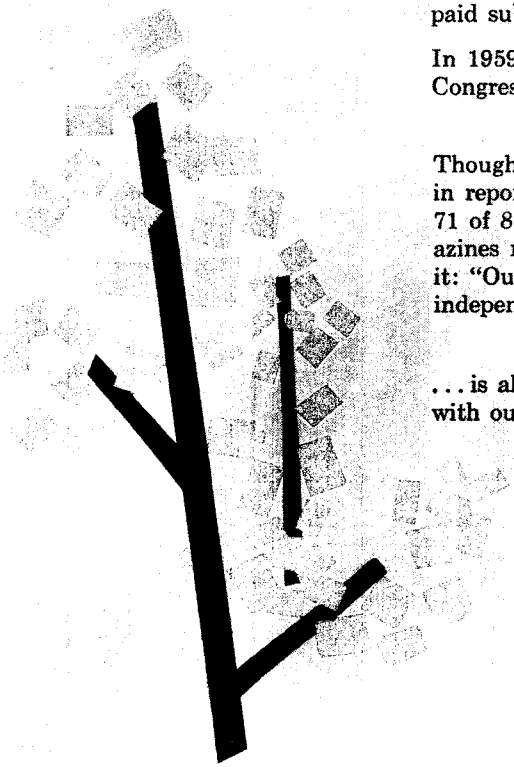

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THE REPORTER 660 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21, N. Y.

Composers in Exile

FRED GRUNFELD

TWENTY YEARS AGO most of the world's leading composers were listed in the telephone books of New York and Los Angeles. Igor Stravinsky, Arnold Schoenberg, and Darius Milhaud led the West Coast contingent, while Béla Bartók, Paul Hindemith, and Sergei Rachmaninoff headed the Eastern wing. This influx of displaced masters had a tremendous impact on our musical life; it truly "shifted the balance of musical power from the old world to the new," as a French critic recently told me.

To some extent, the United States has depended on musical imports ever since the days when Jenny Lind became an American household word. Neither our opera houses nor our orchestras could have functioned without them. Tchaikowsky inaugurated Carnegie Hall, Johann Strauss brought the "Emperor Waltz" to Boston, and we have had visits from such dignitaries as Mahler, Puccini, Ravel, Richard Strauss—and Offenbach. Most of these men, however, came simply because they could not afford to turn down the kind of fees we were offering. Dvorák, for example, felt rather unhappy about accepting the teaching job that ultimately led to the "New World" Symphony and the "American" String Quartet. Like the others, he left for home as soon as his bank balance warranted.

THE REFUGEES from Hitler's Europe, needless to say, came here under vastly different circumstances. They were not celebrities on tour; they were fleeing for their lives. And although they found a haven in the United States, they had to endure the tragedy of standing by helplessly while a civilization was being destroyed—a civilization in good part of their own making. A composer's lot is hard enough in the best of times. Here, in the threadbare 1930's and the war years, many came uncomfortably close to starving. (Prokofiev, who had the same disconcerting experience when he visited New York and Chicago in the 1920's, managed to borrow the fare back to Paris, where Soviet representatives persuaded him to return to Russia.)

We were unprepared for the sudden arrival of so many bona fide geniuses and failed to make the most of the opportunity. After awarding Bartók an honorary doctorate, Columbia University had nothing better to offer him than a job as "visiting associate in music" (organizing research materials) at the munificent stipend of $1,200 a year. And somehow the Guggenheim Foundation found reasons for turning down an application by Arnold Schoenberg, the century's foremost theoretician if not precisely its most popular composer.

Important personalities of the concert stage, such as Rudolph Serkin, Wanda Landowska, and Bruno Walter, had far less trouble finding their proper niche in the "music business" conducted along Fifty-seventh Street. But in one respect the composers were still better off than their luckless friends, the exiled authors. With the possible exception of Thomas Mann, European writers were fish out of water in America, deprived of their fame, their native language, and their reading public. "The alien land did not become our home," lamented the poet Alfred Polgar, "but our home became alien." At least the composers—like the émigré physicists, who also made their mark in the New World—spoke an abstract international language which, though not universally understood by any means, required no translation.

Despite their continental manners and ineradicable accents, they became Americanized in their own fashion—as when Stravinsky wrote music for a Ringling elephant act. "How big are the elephants?" he is supposed to have asked when the idea was proposed to him. "If they are very small I will do it." In such cases the decisive test of assimilation is not whether the newcomers drive Chevrolets and wear sport shirts, but whether they genuinely begin to feel on the inside looking out. Often they took our problems to heart long before applying for their naturalization papers. Here is Bartók, for example, writing in his emphatic English to a friend in Seattle during the height of our wartime conservation drive: "Are we not supposed to regard as our patriotic duty to save paper in this acute paper shortage, are not we? Though, of course there still appear the advertisements of Lucky Strikes, Chesterfields, etc. urging people to buy them though they have no stocks to sell. But that is a different business," he adds indignantly; "nothing is allowed to interfere with the high principles of advertising business, shortage of paper or no shortage; or else the world would crumble."

Name brands, advertising slogans, and soap operas, which fascinated more than one of these composers, are not the sort of topics we expect to find in musical biographies. Yet Schoenberg quoted ad headlines in letters to his friends, and once lectured a newly arrived son-in-law on just how to behave if he landed a job with a big corporation. His analysis reads like a forerunner of *How to Succeed* etc., and makes one wonder how he learned so much about our corporate mores long before the sociologists went to work on them. "Above all," he cautioned, "one never makes a scene; one never contradicts; one never says 'to be perfectly candid.' Or if one should *say* so, one is careful not to *be* so. Keep differences of opinion to yourself. Obsequiousness is unnecessary and is regarded as tiresome. But everything must be said in a friendly way, smiling"—here Schoenberg used the English word—"always smiling."

AS TEACHERS in schools and colleges throughout the country, the exiles influenced a whole generation of American musicians, only a few of whom might have managed to study at Fontainebleau or Leipzig in the old days. Young jazzmen, suddenly curious about the most recondite European methods, studied with such masters as Ernst Krenek and Stefan Wolpe. Milhaud, one of the founders of *Les Six* and the most durable of living French composers, must have seemed like a figure from a legendary world to the Mills College girls in their sloppy joes and pedal pushers. As an educational

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 52

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person; the acrostician.

A
78 176 56 44 10
"Lord, thou art become gracious unto thy land: thou hast turned away the captivity of_____." Psalm 85, Book of Common Prayer.

B
60 24 214 67 96 194 To bear witness.

C
62 4 114 162 186 101 204
"O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again, And_____be the rest." Browning, "Prospice," (4,3)

D
202 46 125 182 222 70 142
Arrived at or entered upon an office.

E
136 74 22 8 148
Having too much in the sitter-downer. (Not in most dictionaries.) (Slang.)

F
54 20 170 122 130 146 88 12
British aircraft carrier of World War II which the Germans claimed to have sunk many times. (3,5)

G
80 28 38 198 128 190
French architectural style of about 1720, deriving from the Baroque.

H
84 184 40 26 34 180 112
Fuel of a poor grade for automobiles. (3,4)

I
164 94 216 76 166 92 218
Stands by or near, or attends.

J
72 134 118
"Give Richard leave to live till Richard die? You make a_____, and Bolingbroke says ay." Shakespeare, "Richard II."

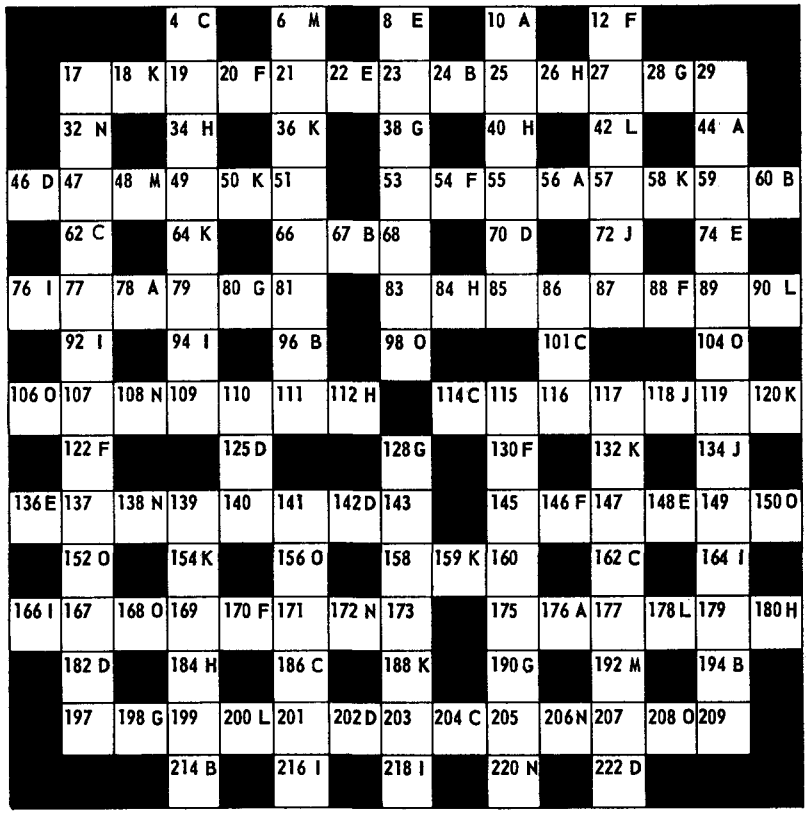
K
132 36 188 58 50 18 64 159 154 120
The Acrostician is a leading one.

L
178 200 42 90
"They raised the price of everything in their neighborhood, from fresh_____to rotten boroughs." Macaulay, "Lord Clive."

M
6 192 48
First name of General Dalrymple, signer of the Convention of Cintra (1808).

N
32 108 138 206 172 220
Fresh; not yet affected by decay.

O
168 98 104 150 152 106 156 208
Not examined.



ACROSS

17. 46 across have this but are not paid. (3,10)
46. War among fish? 'Ell, no! Noël.
53. Metropolis of the Acrostician's country.
66. Heavenly sign of simple Old Norse.
76. In France I find ruin and harm!
83. Ancient chappies or elderly vegetables? (3,4)
106. Region, broadly speaking, of the Acrostician. (3,4)
114. An intention to hamstring in a doublet.
136. A Spanish farm may be a chained thing.
145. This might be said by a girl of a man or by a printer. (2,4)
158. Mix the end of 145 across and serve crusted.
166. Sing about the Finn who's opening oysters.
175. These strippers are rare, but with an afterthought.
197. Zachary Taylor was old or rude gay hand.

DOWN

4. For optimum employment I see the Archbishop.
6. Let eels shed. They haven't a care.
8. Bloodroot found up with no occupation.
10. He cried because he has no hair, I hear.
12. It takes a pound of guile to find this part of a blade of grass.
17. Joe Louis or a songbird? (5,8)
29. In spite of a soft, thin attorney, Molotov is this. (3,2,3,5)
86. Once a challenge to a goose; twice, an error.
110. Perfect service for a great flier.
115. Wine for the house or point of origin for a vessel? (4,4)
117. It makes a thunder when you empty a needle, but not hypodermically.
128. Weapons for the headpiece? No. Boys' toys. (3,4)
139. Would Dan'l Boone have described himself so as a debater might open rebuttal? (1,5)
141. May he sing? No, the horse does.

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experience it was rather like taking freshman English with T. S. Eliot, but from all accounts it was enjoyable for all concerned. I remember the excitement of hearing Schoenberg lecture at the University of Chicago when he was nearing seventy—a gnomelike figure whose whispy voice filled us with awe and admiration. We realized then, for the first time, that his much maligned twelve-tone technique was neither a cabalistic formula nor a straitjacket, but merely the outgrowth of old traditions and the key to a vast range of new possibilities in music.

The question remains whether life in the United States had any audible effect on the music of these émigrés, especially those past middle age who were set in their stylistic ways. Only a few works, such as Milhaud's "Kentuckiana," Stravinsky's "Ebony Concerto," or Vittorio Rieti's "Second Avenue Waltzes," bear the outward signs of an encounter with our native idioms. But often the experience is reflected in more subtle, less superficial ways. When Stravinsky came to America he was the staunch champion of tonality, the upholder of all that was sacred to the opponents of Schoenberg's twelve-tone school. Yet in California he began experimenting with the very theory he had always avoided; his most important scores of the last twenty years are actually composed in the so-called "serial" technique. Schoenberg, on the other hand, astonished and disappointed his orthodox followers by writing tonal music after settling in California. Perhaps this turnabout had something to do with the climate. Bartók, whose years in the United States were cut short by poverty and illness, also had a distinctly "American" period which produced his symphonic masterpiece, the "Concerto for Orchestra," which would never have been written had he remained in Budapest. The younger generation of refugee composers might provide a significant closing chapter for the annals of this inadvertent invasion, but by now they are all as thoroughly assimilated as Lukas Foss and Gunther Schuller, who ceased to be counted as imports a long time ago. Show me a man who writes blue notes and I'll show you an American composer.

BOOKS

A Family Quarrel

ADAM ULAM

THE SINO-SOVIET CONFLICT—1956-1961, by Donald S. Zagoria. *Princeton. $8.50.*

Mr. Zagoria begins his admirable study with a few appropriate if self-conscious remarks about "Kremlinology." But after this introduction, his book continues to be pervaded by a somewhat apologetic tone: he makes it clear that there are no clear-cut indications as to a resolution of the Sino-Soviet conflict—that there are no very reliable clues as to the line-up of forces on this issue in the Soviet party hierarchy.

Now this caution is praiseworthy, especially when contrasted with the behavior of some of Mr. Zagoria's fellow Kremlinologists, who often convey the impression that they are under the table listening when the Presidium of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union conducts its most secret and intimate discussions. But why the apologetic tone? The answer is that the profession of Kremlinology is a creation of post-war American public opinion. The frightening possibilities of the world situation have led to public demand for seers to illuminate the apparent darkness of the Soviet scene.

The average American has become sufficiently imbued with popular Freudian psychology to realize that in discussing, say, the marital strife of his neighbors he cannot attribute it to a single discoverable cause, that there are intangibles and complications of human behavior, and that there may not be one single unavoidable solution of the conflict. Yet when it comes to the enigmas of Soviet policy, the clamor is for an immediate and certain answer. Is Khrushchev for peace or is he not? Are the Russians likely to clash with the Chinese or to come together again? The result of this public pressure, of this impatience with the unavoidable complications of international life, is harmful in two contrasting ways: the less than scrupulous writer will respond by assuming facts of which he can have no knowledge; the conscientious one will often sacrifice clarity by intolerable hemming and hawing to protect his predictions.

Mr. Zagoria navigates these hazards of Kremlinology rather skillfully. His main contribution is to trace the growth of the dispute since 1956 step by step and to examine carefully all the evidence on its ramifications. If there are major deficiencies in his narrative, they come mainly from the unsatisfactory character of the evidence. We have to rely on the pronouncements of the parties to the dispute, and those pronouncements are as often designed to mislead as to illuminate. Has there been, for example, a pro-Chinese faction in the Soviet Communist hierarchy? Some of the speeches and innuendoes at the Twenty-Second Party Congress pointed to Molotov as the head of such a faction. Mr. Zagoria refuses to discard the hypothesis, and he says in one place that "After the fall of 1957, there can be little doubt that the views of the Peking Left, both on foreign and domestic policy, were much closer to those of the fallen Molotov than to those of Khrushchev." Yet all the evidence on this score has been provided by the victorious faction in the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. It is an old Soviet practice to attribute to the defeated leader every conceivable political sin, and what better way to denigrate Molotov and to enhance Khrushchev's prestige than to depict the one as a tool of foreigners and the other as a spokesman for the Soviet national interests and yet a defender of internationalism? And in view of the intense chauvinism of the Soviet Communists, would an experienced politician like Molotov really fall into the error of believing that the road to power in the Kremlin leads through Peking?

It is at least as possible to assume

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that there is a faction in the Soviet leadership which would go much farther in countering Chinese ambition, and that Khrushchev seeks to bolster his essentially moderate position by conjuring up a largely fictitious pro-Chinese group led by the discredited Molotov.

The Sino-Soviet dispute in its broad aspect is surely a splendid example of the irony of history. What Communist of the 1920's, after the early dreams of the world revolution had receded, would have dared to predict the power and the opportunities that lie before Communism today? With western power and ideas everywhere under attack and with a third of the world's population under direct Communist rule, the fondest hopes of the pioneers of the movement might appear to be on the brink of fulfillment. Yet at this precise moment the two great Communist powers find themselves in conflict. In a perverse way (and how often has this been true!), the Marxian prophecies about capitalism find their application in the Communist world. Lenin prophesied the split of the capitalist world into rival imperialist camps: the conflict between China and the Soviet Union is an incipient phase of the rivalry of two imperialist systems.

Nor is there any reason to believe that the basic cause for the dispute is likely to be removed. There will be reconciliations and joint declarations about the "unbreakable unity" of the socialist camp. Mr. Zagoria is quite convincing in discounting, for the foreseeable future, the possibility of a split in the manner of the Soviet-Yugoslav break of 1948, or—still more fanciful—of a Soviet-American alliance. Both sides have too much to lose from a head-on conflict. But by the same token what of the longer perspective? The basic cause of the trouble comes not because of this or that formula, or because of a dispute about the desirable tactics for international Communism, but because of the very nature of the two Communist giants. Nothing can erase the fact of Russia's far greater industrial and military power at the present time, and nothing can change the Russians' apprehension over what China, with its enormous population, might become when industrialized and equipped with nuclear weapons. Were we dealing with a system where public opinion played a considerable role in foreign policy, it might be reasonable to prognosticate a complete shift in Soviet policies. But we are still discussing, as those commentators who translate trends into certainties forget, a dictatorial régime. To men of Khrushchev's generation and temperament it is psychologically impossible to admit, probably even to themselves, that the moment has come when the interest of the Soviet Union and that of international Communism have begun to diverge.

Mr. Zagoria tends at times to be a bit too ingenious in his hypotheses. It is naïve to suggest, as he does, that Ulbricht and the East German Communists are in a position to force the Russians' hand on Berlin by threatening to line up on the Chinese side. One should also not exaggerate the present extent of "polycentrism" of the Communist world. For the time being the Soviet Union is by far the strongest power among the Communist states. Where would Ulbricht be without the Russian armed might to guard his régime against the West, and even from his own people? The isolated case of Albania should not be taken as an indication that the Russians could not inflict a grave blow to almost any Communist régime or party if they wished, and without armed intervention. Except for the countries within its immediate geographic proximity, the same is not true of China.

THE BOOK'S CONCLUSIONS are very fair. They warn against the facile assumption that the Chinese-Soviet dispute must automatically redound to the West's advantage. One might add that no less than a human being, a political organism confronted with a seemingly insoluble problem does not always respond by a rational appraisal of the situation, but is apt at times to react in an irrational and violent way. Another dangerous illusion against which Mr. Zagoria warns is the belief in some circles that appeasement of Khrushchev is the best way to deepen the split in world Communism. The argument of the extremists within the Communist bloc is that the West can be

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pushed very hard on issues like Berlin and Formosa without danger of war. Each step of appeasement tends to bear out the extremists and weaken Khrushchev's position.

Much of the trouble of our foreign policy has sprung from the national tendency to lull ourselves to sleep with comforting and unrealistic formulas. It is true that "Khrushchev has troubles of his own" and that "The Russians are afraid of the Chinese," but both these statements suggest tremendous dangers as well as opportunities for the West. «»

The Old Power

ALFRED KAZIN

GOING AWAY, by Clancy Sigal. *Houghton Mifflin. $5.*

This is the most exciting book by a new American writer that I have read in a long time. It is "exciting" rather than "flawless" (something we like books to be in the absence of more human virtues), and in fact it is so far from being "flawless," its main idea is so familiar, and it tries to cover such an excessive number of things, that "exciting" is oddly the one thing that you can count on its being all the time. "Exciting" means to me the power to charge the reader with a new sense of things, to shake him back to a vision of our life as a whole. And vision, that rarest of qualities in our national life just now, is exactly what Clancy Sigal has in abundance.

It is rare enough to find this quality in a new writer, rather than the labored imitation of "perfection" in some very small, all too deliberate design. It is just as rare among the people Mr. Sigal comes from and whom he writes about. For he consciously represents the leftist skeleton in the American closet; he is a radical and even what used to be called a "militant"; he is so naturally and passionately a radical that for some years now he has found it easier to live in Britain and write about Yorkshire miners than to await our national regeneration on the spot. And since many of Mr. Sigal's old admirations in America have by their intellectual confusions and repressions vis-à-vis the Soviet Union by no means distinguished themselves of late for intellectual vitality, Mr. Sigal's own passionate and deeply moving sense of urgency is exactly what makes *this* radical account of America today so surprising. Not in years have I seen from a young American writer a better example of the power that used to be associated with the radical mind—of its trenchancy in social analysis, of its venturesomeness in ideas, above all of the intellectual freedom that comes from feeling yourself morally an antagonist to the established forms.

One feels about Clancy Sigal that these qualities naturally belong to him as a writer. No matter where a writer comes from, the real significance of his social philosophy is that it frees his imagination, that it enables him to see. And it is because this writer is by nature a strong novelist in the tradition of our realism that he has managed to bring this book off despite banalities in its conception and distractions en route that would have sunk anyone not basically very good.

The book is both novel and autobiography, in the tradition of literary egotism on the American highway that writers go in for even when they pretend to despise Whitman and Wolfe. We pick up the narrator in Hollywood, where he is trying to write a novel. He gives up his job as an agent, borrows a car from rich friends, and roaring across the country (by no means in a straight line; he has old radicals to look up in all sorts of places), he ends up in New York, where he takes ship for Europe. It is typical of the faults of such books that the man who at the beginning of the book portrays himself as unable to write at all discovers at the end of it that he has won a literary fellowship offered by a Boston publisher. (*Going Away* was in fact written under a Houghton Mifflin literary fellowship, and obviously in England.) In the same literal spirit of autobiography, the cross-country journey picks up in succession dozens of characters and drops them as if they are never to be thought of again. They influenced the narrator, and that is enough for him.

To this extent, and only to this extent, the book brings up associations with the genre of the open road. But Sigal will not remind you of the souped-up raptures of Jack Kerouac on the road. The difference in title is instructive. This is a going away from America—a caustic but never glib travel report by a radical *in extremis* who as he goes across the country looking up old comrades keeps his car radio tuned to the bulletins of the desperate Hungarian uprising against the Russians. But the time is more than 1956; it is America beyond the reach of the radical mind, a country in which businessmen are now the ideologists, and in which a young writer who grew up on the legends of the Wobblies drives into the old radical mining towns, like Coeur d'Alene in Idaho, feeling sick at their strangeness. The narrator keeps up a conversation with personages in American history, and although there is a good deal of private homesickness about this journey, the very frankness and even intensity of this devotion to so great a chapter in American life keeps the book alive with feeling. The narrator, who is young and the son of two union organizers in Chicago, has identified America, its total history, and its promise as a society so much with the old radical movement that now he does not have a country at all.

THE DEPTH and intransigence of this alienation command respect. Unlike the now middle-aged veterans of the 1930's who blame only the Communists for their disaffection, unlike the young writers who tend to take out in the rhetoric of nihilism their inability to understand the historic situation we are all caught up in, Sigal is interesting because he is still interested in society. He sees the life of our time and place with a strong, far-ranging social intelligence that is neither sentimental or jeering.

Many times in this personal chronicle (which it plainly is more than a novel), you are puzzled by the articulation of a despair that seems private rather than related to the themes of the book. It is typical of Sigal's occasional lapses that without warning the narrator comes up with the disclosure that his parents are

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estranged and that the father is a drunk. Nothing comes of this. But it is also typical of the book that although the narrator describes himself as having been everything from a runner at a bookie joint in Chicago to a soldier on occupation duty in Germany, from a college student in Los Angeles to a Hollywood agent, from a strike leader in the South to a union henchman in Detroit, you never feel that he mentions any of his many occupations for their "literary" glamour, as on a book jacket. Instead every social fact encountered is described for its own sake, for the truth it conveys about our society; things are left in midair only because the narrator has to be on his way. One of the best and most "novelistic" sections in the book describes postwar Germany as seen by a technical sergeant in the United States Army who happens to be a Socialist and who is not simply surprised by old-new Nazis but disgusted by the political failure of the Americans to provide a good example. Similarly, the account of the struggle between R. J. Thomas and Walter Reuther to gain control of the Automobile Workers Union, though frankly written from an anti-Reuther point of view, is exciting because Sigal is actually able to bring to life the embittered factionalism and hysteria inside a trade-union movement that is being shaken by ideological conflict.

The really noteworthy thing about Sigal, in short, is that despite the young man's bitterness that is the leitmotif of the book—"I was a member in good standing of the Double Feature Generation: nothing new was startling to me"—he makes his effects most memorably as a novelist and storyteller rather than as a radical critic of institutions. Although the book is full of the radical's special sourness about current society, sometimes made funny by its very intensity of feeling (I have never read a writer so obsessively convinced that television is dope), and although it misses nothing of our cravenness and stupidity, one remembers the book for more than the epigrams at the expense of our society. No matter how deeply this writer means them, these epigrams are still the intellectual clichés of this society itself. One remembers

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A Portable Hell

SAREL EIMERL

DOWN THERE ON A VISIT, by Christopher Isherwood. *Simon and Schuster. $4.75.*

The expatriate novelist is in much the same position as the poor man who becomes a millionaire; although his outward circumstances are changed, he can never completely throw off the influences that formed him. The expatriate may detest his native country but it has helped determine his tastes, his style, and his concerns, and its memory is likely to haunt him as the *nouveau-riche* is likely to be haunted by the remembered humiliations of poverty.

Christopher Isherwood is just such an expatriate. Except for brief visits back, he has lived outside England since 1929, when he was twenty-five. But the English of his own upper class are still firmly lodged in his craw. Though he has written brilliantly about Germany, he writes as an outsider. The English have remained the only people he knows with the intimacy of one who belongs to the family.

His latest work is a remarkable demonstration of expatriatism in action. It consists of four stories, told by a narrator who is presented as Isherwood himself and written with his usual muscular grace. Isherwood has never bothered much to impose plots on his characters. "I am a camera," he once wrote, and in the four stories he is still recording life in its raw confusion but with such precision and force that the stories convey the impression of autobiography.

The operative word in the title is *Down,* for the stories are threaded together not by the narrator but by a common theme, which is despair, and by a common condition, which is homosexuality. The humor and frivolity that occasionally lightened Isherwood's early books have gone, but he still possesses the writer's supreme gift of compelling attention, and the stories are absorbing. One pities, rather than despises, the weaknesses that destroy his characters, but they are all lost souls.

The central character in the first story is a middle-aged Englishman living in Germany in the 1920's who suffers from psychic isolation and finally kills himself. In the second, it is a sensitive young Englishman who decides to leave England after his beautiful rooms at Cambridge are wrecked by a crew of rowdies, and immolates himself on a Greek island. The third story, set in London in 1938, describes an abortive liaison between an upper-class English girl who hates her family and a rootless German working-class boy on the make. The fourth describes how a male whore, a very English-type American who caters to

all nationalities of both sexes, declines into impotence. Together with the narrator, he searches for salvation through mystical experience, fails to find it, and turns to dope.

This fourth story is technically the weakest. One must assume that Isherwood, who has been deeply involved with mystical experience, takes it very seriously, but he fails to get its seriousness down on paper. The joint search of the former whore and the narrator for spiritual salvation actually reads like a giggly, adolescent flirtation. Two considerations help explain the failure. First, homosexual relationships are always treacherous ground for a novelist; they are likely to sound unpleasantly girlish. Certainly phrases like "'What shall I wear?' Paul wailed" make one squirm. The second consideration, which applies more particularly to Isherwood, is that the story is set in the United States after 1940. Unfortunately, the country, its people, and the time are all foreign to him, for Isherwood obviously does not feel America in his bones and, judging from his writing, his deepest emotions have remained petrified in the 1930's. The flabby but vicious snobbery of fascist-minded members of the English upper class, the apparent helplessness of decent people in the face of Nazi barbarism, the baffled despair of the stricken—this is the stuff of his best fiction from *The Berlin Stories* on.

The third story deals with these themes, and it is brilliant. In the young German, weak, selfish, drifting, potentially brutal, one sees with awful clarity the Nazi to come. The English girl, unloved and therefore rebellious, is a classic portrait of the confused semi-intellectual who adopts Communism out of frustration and hopelessness; and her family, snob-ridden, crass, and insensitive, are exemplars of the class that earned the resentful loathing of an empire. And throughout the story, the narrator's comments vividly recall the atmosphere of 1938 when liberal-minded people helplessly writhed under Chamberlain's folly.

Most expatriates leave home not so much to find something better as to flee from the intolerable. This truth is implicit in each story. But was it really the bland arrogance of their class that drove Isherwood's characters (and himself) into exile? Most of us have read enough of Freud to doubt it. The wandering exile is likely to be so forlorn a creature that travel can never be more than a palliative, and movement proves no solution for Isherwood's expatriates. Like Mr. Norris and Sally Bowles of *The Berlin Stories* and Friedrich Bergmann of *Prater Violet,* this latest collection of the uprooted carry their despair everywhere with them.

So does their creator. One is tempted to presume that Isherwood's emotions become firmly rooted in the 1930's—and especially in the Germany of the 1930's—because the politics of that decade, barbaric, insane, maniacal, perfectly mirrored the torments of his private hell.

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